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LOVE'S FRAILTIES:

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C O M E D Y

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT,

LONDON:

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NO. 137, OXFORD STREET.

1794.

LOVE & FRATERNITY

C. O. M. D. J. A. S.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE passages that are printed in *Italics* (not including the French) were omitted on the first representation, one excepted, page 66, of which the words that then gave offence are distinguished by capitals. They are thus pointed out that the reader, who in the heat of political zeal has not quite lost his understanding, may examine what there is in them injurious to truth, or the good of mankind, and find it, if he can. In different times and under different feelings, it will appear astonishing that any one of these passages were suppressed, from any apprehension of political resentment: but such was the fact. That the one unwarily retained should excite the anger which was testified is still more astonishing. A sentence so true as to have been repeated in a thousand different modes: for all strong moral truths are subject to such repetition. A sentence that, under a variety of forms and phraseology, is proverbial in all nations. It ought however to be remembered, that the persons offended, though violent, were few. Their intention doubtless was good: the same cannot be affirmed of their intellect.

Those who are acquainted with German literature, and who have read the drama entitled, *Der Deutsche Hausvater*, by the Baron von Gemmingen, will immediately perceive that the author has availed himself of various incidents and thoughts in that piece; though his fable, characters, and denouement are exceedingly different. Others, who wish to satisfy their curiosity but who cannot read German, may find a French translation of that piece in volume VI. of a work entitled *Nouveau Théâtre Allemand*, by M. M. Friedel and de Bonneville.

Newman-Street,
February 11, 1794.

THE reasons which have occasioned the alteration of price in the present comedy ought to be stated to the public. The previous knowledge of men and manners, and the extraordinary efforts of study, time, and talents, which are necessary to produce a play that has but a chance of being sanctioned by the town, are sufficiently obvious. The labourer is worthy of his hire. In the beginning of the present century, the price of an octavo play was eighteen pence. Since that period, the price of paper has been doubled; the expence of printing is advanced in nearly the same ratio; and advertising, which now amounts to a considerable sum, was then a burthen unknown. It has long been the complaint of the trade that the purchase of the copy-right, added to the above costs, occasioned plays to be a dangerous speculation. The new tax on paper, in addition to all these, has made it impossible, at the former price, to reward authors, and afford the bookseller a reasonable hope of profit. These considerations have induced an advance of price, at which it is presumed no just reasoner will take offence.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. BERNARD.

"PROLOGUES have long been plac'd, like little *a*,

"Before that great noun substantive a play:"

Not form'd of winged words, but wanting wings,

"Of common gender, half-no-meaning things :

"Like rag-fair robes, made up, with little skill,

"To suit farce, tragedy, or what you will :

"Mere tasteless bread-crumbs, only fit for stuffing :"

A cringing crew, and vilely prone to puffing :

Beggars, well satisfied, at any rate,

To feed on offals at the public gate :

"Or running footmen," sent with whoop and hollo,

Types of the vapid things that are to follow :

Grace before meat, which, while the dinner cools,

Is twang'd by knaves, and listen'd to by fools.

But let us take, nor waste our little wit,

A single theme, that may our purpose fit.

"Prologues are scouts, that skulk from post to post,

"And scour the field, to watch the adverse host.

"Heroes invincible ! Left ! Right ! Front ! Rear !

"Embattl'd ranks ! ye thrill the soul with fear !"

Wadded with critic spleen (*Pit*) and prim'd with ire,

Charg'd to the muzzle, ready to give fire,

To slaughter some inclin'd, and some to sleep,

"Lo ruthless veterans rang'd, intrench'd chin deep !

"Flanking this fearful centre in a ring, (*Boxes*)

"Gay knights and Amazons form either wing !

"Corps

“ Corps of reserve (*Gallery*) drawn up in dread array,
 “ On yonder heights await the coming fray !”

But as you're strong be just, in this fierce battle,
 Ye godlike men of might, and maids of mettle !

Here let us pause : for, ah ! 'tis but too true,
 Cassandra like, in black prophetic view,
 I see the massacres that may ensue !

Wit, humour, character, are put to rout !
 The prompter breathless, and the actors out !
 Quibbles and clap-traps in confusion run !
 Slain is a sentiment ! Down drops a pun !
 Nay plot himself, that leader far renown'd,
 Oh shame ! dare scarcely stand another round !
 “ How shall our general dare such danger meet ?
 “ Were it not better, think you, sirs, to treat ?
 “ War honours grant then, as he files away ;
 “ So may he live and fight another day.”

[For the subject of this Prologue, and the lines marked with inverted commas, the author is indebted to a literary friend.]

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. ESTEN.

AS some poor wand'rer, who with eager flight
Is homeward hurried by the approach of night,
Comes to the deep abyfs, o'er which is thrown
Trunk of old oak or wedge of unhewn ftone,
Tremendous bridge! which he muft venture o'er,
Braving the horrid gulph and cataract roar,
Slippery! abrupt! no hold, no ftay, no trust!
The firft falfe fttep is death! Yet crofs he muft,
Safely on t'other fide looks fhivering back,
And palpitating views the dreadful track,
So ftands the happy bard, from danger free,
And trembles at his own temerity!

Bold is the man, or little prone to fear,
Who hopes to write what's fit for you to hear;
Confcious what fplendid feafts regale this ftage,
Prepar'd by other bards, born of another age!

Oh Congreve! Otway! Shakespear! mighty fhades!
Whofe genius every realm of thought pervades,
Gifts fuch as yours, alas! where fhall we find?
Words that with living pictures fill the mind!
Extatic imagery! thoughts divine!
And volumes utter'd in a fingle line!
But ah! of them and of their heav'nly lays
Fools to remind you, by prefumptuous praife!
Dropt be the facred veil we've rafhly dar'd to raife.

What can be done? Were will like wifhing free,
Various and rich fhould each frefh banquet be:
Emrals and pearls diffolv'd in liquid gold,
Had we the alchymy, were yours tenfold!

Like

Like those poor Arabs who in deserts live,
 The little that we have we freely give.
 Finding what may but chance to please your taste,
 We serve the morsel up with eager haste :
 Happy in this, you know our good intent,
 And take in honest part what honestly is meant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Gregory Oldwort	—	Mr. QUICK.
Charles Seymour	—	Mr. HOLMAN.
Mr. Muscadel	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Mr. Craig Campbell	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
James	—	Mr. FARLEY.
Footmen.		
Lady Fancourt	—	Mrs. POPP.
Paulina	—	Mrs. ESTEN.
Lady Louisa Compton	—	Mrs. FAWCETT.
Nannette	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Wilkins	—	Mrs. PLATT.
Julette	—	Miss LESERVE.

LOVE'S FRAILTIES:

A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The House of Sir GREGORY OLDWORT.*

SEYMOUR, *Lady LOUISA.*

Seym. I WILL not hear you, Louisa. In love yourself with a man destitute of rank and fortune, ought you to school me?

Lady L. A man of family, brother, though not of rank.

Seym. Pennyless: a lieutenant in a marching regiment.

Lady L. But possessed of honour, worth, and virtue.

Seym. And who has more honour worth and virtue than my Paulina?

Lady L. A painter's daughter, Charles.

Seym. A divinity! Her beauty angelic, her mind godlike!

Lady L. Thus we lovers rave. The world contains but one!

Seym. Where is there another Paulina? Encumbered by the absurdities of folly, disguised by the

B

ridiculous

ridiculous trappings of fashion, where shall the sincere, the simple, the affectionate heart be found? I enter the tumultuous assemblies of the idle and all is vanity, all affectation, all incoherency. This hubbub of incongruous and despicable passions but maddens my mind: and, by the contrast, irradiates the abode of peace and Paulina.

Lady L. Ah, Charles, you forget our dependent situation; our family.

Seym. Our fools and tyrants. An elder brother, whose rank wealth and power, instead of affording us protection, have been made the passports of folly and vice; and an uncle, whose benevolence is self love; who has given us shelter only to make us slaves; at once a cynic and a sensualist; severe to others, indulgent to himself; arbitrary in principle, libidinous in practice.

Lady L. Alas, too true! Sir Gregory pardons nobody's faults but his own.

Seym. Did he not suffer his sister to languish and die in penury in a foreign land? And what was her crime? Marriage, with a man of a noble mind; but who had the misfortune to be poor and unprotected.

Lady L. 'Tis that makes me shudder! "The very same fate is impending over our heads.

" *Seym.* Let it fall; at least on me. Injustice to myself shall not make me unjust to others.

" *Lady L.* Ay, but there's the question. Your poor painter's daughter may, considering the indigence in which she has been bred, be the phoenix you think her; but can you Charles honestly aver she is the equal of Lady Fancourt?

" *Seym.* Her superiour.

" *Lady L.* Not to dwell on rank fortune
" fame

“ fame and power, which she so eminently possesses and which surely are something—

“ *Seym.* Bawbles! The gewgaws of fools!”

Lady L. Is the mind of Paulina equally cultivated; equally penetrating strong and towering?

Seym. More! More!

Lady L. Ah, Charles!

Seym. By heavens, more!

Lady L. Lady Fancourt is a woman of ten thousand!

Seym. I grant it.

Lady L. She has conceived a partiality for you; Sir Gregory has discovered it, and is determined on the match.

Seym. And I am determined it shall never take place.

Lady L. For my sake, think again.

Seym. At your request, I have already been torturing Paulina and myself: I have not seen her for a week; an excruciating eternal week. “ But I
“ will be guilty of this cruel injustice no longer.

“ *Lady L.* Remember your own principles,
“ Charles, remember truth. We must not with
“ the avarice of egotism live for self, but for so-
“ ciety. You have duties to mankind, for the
“ fulfilling of which you ought not to be disabled
“ by the indulgence of passion.

“ *Seym.* I own it; and the doubts of what these
“ duties are, haunt and perturb my mind incessant-
“ ly, render me undecided, cause me every hour
“ to form a thousand contradictory plans, and,
“ instead of making me active and firm, murder
“ resolution and torment me into restless sus-
“ pence.

“ *Lady L.* Opinion is the slave of error, the
“ world

" world is the slave of opinion, and we are the
" slaves of the world."

Seym. 'Tis your situation, Louisa, that rivets my shackles, which else I would break, and brave the world's injustice and an uncle's tyranny. But I know your affection for Mr. Compton, I am sensible of his worth, and I cannot dare not abandon you to the wretchedness I foresee, should I disobey Sir Gregory.

Lady L. (*In tears*) Charles!—Your kindness is killing: I can endure any thing but that.

Seym. And why?

Lady L. I do not deserve it.

Seym. What do you mean?

Lady L. I have deceived you.

Seym. Which way?

Lady L. For this fortnight my heart has been bursting with a secret, which my tongue has not dared to utter.

Seym. Heavens!—I guess—I forebode—You are married?

Lady L. I am.

Seym. Why then 'tis past—You have got the start of me—I have hesitated, you have resolved; and Paulina, the affectionate pure hearted noble minded Paulina must be sacrificed, or poverty persecution contempt and misery must be the fate of all.

Lady L. I am a selfish wretch, and deserve the worst that can befall me.

Seym. No no—Where is your husband?

Lady L. (*Looking round*) For heaven's sake, beware.

Seym. Well well, where is Mr. Compton?

Lady L. On duty with his regiment in Yorkshire, to which he was suddenly ordered, and as I suspect by the management of Sir Gregory—

Seym.

Seym. Who not only threatens but acts.

Lady L. He has written to me concerning Mr. Compton, and with such severity ! He has quite killed the little hope I had.

Seym. I expect his arrival from the country every minute. Disperse your gloom : be chearful.

Lady L. A smiling face with an aching heart is a painful task—

Seym. But now more than ever necessary. His preaching and his practice are so opposite that he dreads detection and hates ridicule. You have the art to keep him in some awe.

Lady L. I had, but want the courage now to practice it.

Seym. Nay nay, but you must—Oh, Paulina !

Sir Greg. (*Without*) Why, William ! James !

Lady L. Here he comes !

Sir Greg. Where are you all ?

SCENE II. *Enter Sir GREGORY OLDWORT.*

Lady L. (*Assuming chearfulness*) You are welcome home, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. So you say.

Seym. I hope you have had a pleasant journey, sir.

Sir Greg. (*To a footman*) Take this coat. Dust enough ! The roads are as crowded as the streets ; and have no less hurry, noise and insolence.

Lady L. A mob is always unmannerly.

Sir Greg. And the whole world is become a mob. Ah, what different beings were our brave ancestors, the bold barons !

Lady L. Ay, uncle ! How delightful it is to contemplate their venerable figures, in old Gothic cathedrals !

Sir

Sir Greg. Kneeling in marble, with their huge helmets, long swords, alabaster ruffs, grim beards, and gruff faces; that seem to bid you keep your distance, or damme! they will rise and knock you down, as soon as they have done praying.

Lady L. And yet, somehow, a little modish politeness, and delicacy—

Sir Greg. I hate the words! They are outlandish, contraband, and were imported in some damned cargo of fans, muffs, fringed nightcaps, and chicken gloves.

Lady L. I own it would be diverting to see a modern *petit-maitre* in a coat of mail!

Sir Greg. Zounds! He would melt under it like a man of snow before the sun! A coat of mail? A coat of pink tiffany! A degenerate—Ah!—I have not patience! A robust hearty fellow, that speaks what he thinks, eats when he is hungry, and fights when he is angry, is called barbarian! horrid brute! And the sight of such a phenomenon would infallibly throw a whole assembly, men, women, and fiddlers, into hysterics.

Lady L. (*Aside to Charles observing him in a reverie*) Charles!—Where are your thoughts?

Seym. Where they ought never to be; yet there they always are!

Sir Greg. No, no; the disease has attacked the vitals! The blood of our nobles is contaminated. All rank, all order, all distinction is lost! Dukes and jockeys, earls and hop-dealers, peers and pick-pockets, all mingle, indiscriminately, and hold their nightly orgies at a hazard table!

Lady L. Calculation, uncle, is the wisdom of the age.

Sir Greg. Yes, he is most learned who best knows the odds; and he most renowned, who fleeces

A COMEDY.

7

Heeces his fellows with the greatest adroitness!
—Have you seen Lady Fancourt today? (*To Charles*)

Seym. 'Tis too early, sir.

Sir Greg. Yesterday?

Seym. No, sir.

Sir Greg. No, sir! Had not you my commands, sir?

Seym. I had.

Sir Greg. And how came they to be disobeyed?

Seym. Because commanding is less difficult than obedience.

Sir Greg. (*With severity*) Sir, if ever you expect any favour or countenance from me, go, this very day, and tomorrow, and every day, and assiduously pay your court to that lady. I'll hear no answer.

[*Exit Seymour.*]

SCENE III. *Sir GREGORY, Lady LOUISA.*

Lady L. I declare, uncle, you are so severe, you frighten one!

Sir Greg. (*Sternly*) Have you received my letter?

Lady L. Ay, that too was severe enough!

Sir Greg. Madam—!

Lady L. Mr. Compton is a gentleman.

Sir Greg. Without rank, connexions, or estate.

Lady L. His heart and understanding—

Sir Greg. (*With great determination and severity*) If I hear another word concerning him, you shall quit this house and my protection for ever!

Lady L. (*After a struggle resuming her temper*) Well; we all have our failings!

Sir Greg. I would have you both beware!

Lady L. My brother and I are young; we have some excuse.

Sir Greg. Because, being young and foolish, you neglect the advice, and disobey the commands, of the experienced and wise.

Lady L. Why, if the experienced and wise are as—

Sir Greg. As what?—What do you mean?

Lady L. Nay, don't be alarmed, uncle!

Sir Greg. I!—Alarmed?

Lady L. I have heard—

Sir Greg. What have you heard?

SCENE IV. *Enter Footman and Mr. MUSCADEL.*

Foot. Mr. Muscadel. [*Exit.*

Lady L. That the experienced and the wise have their frolicks!

Sir Greg. (*Aside to Lady Louisa*) Hush!

Musc. Nothing more certain, Lady Louisa, Sir Gregory himself is a proof in point.

Sir Greg. I, sir?

Musc. Or you are horribly belied.

Sir Greg. Sir!

Musc. I have heard the most whimsical stories—!

Sir Greg. I insist—! Such calumny, sir—

Musc. That you steal out by twilight, and, if you see a cap and apron in the square, you hobble after with a—Hem! Hift! Pretty maid! Where are you going? Where do you live? Don't be in such a hurry!

Sir Greg. I! I!

Musc. That you buy silk purses by the dozen, and put five new half guineas into each, and that, for want of better conversation, you ask every girl you can come up with if she is a good sempstress, for you have always plenty of needle-work.

Sir Greg. I! I needle-work!

Musc.

Musc. You.

Sir Greg. I talk to young girls!

Musc. Nay that you have been seen to attempt to kiss them under your own lamps.

Sir Greg. Was ever such malignity? I—!

Musc. And that you press them by the hand, pat their cheeks, tweak their chins, and fondle them, as Lady Mary Muzzy does her fat lapdog.

Sir Greg. Mercy on me!

Musc. That you carry silk handkerchiefs, too, and ribbands, and oranges.

Sir Greg. (*With great anxiety and half whispering*) Here's somebody coming!

SCENE V. *Re-enter* SEYMOUR.

Seym. I forgot to ask, have you any further commands for me, sir?

Sir Greg. No, sir. Begone!

Musc. No, no; stay, Charles!—And that you—

Sir Greg. Begone, sir!

Musc. That you—

Sir Greg. Begone, I say! [*Exit Seymour.*]

SCENE VI. *Sir GREGORY, Lady LOUISA, and Mr. MUSCADEL.*

Sir Greg. (*Aside*) I'll never forgive him while I have breath!

Musc. Ha, ha, ha! What vexed, baronet?

Sir Greg. Such malice, sir, is insufferable.

Musc. Well, be good humoured and I'll spare you.

Sir Greg. (*Aside*) As a butcher does a sheep.

Musc. Afraid Charles should hear? You must commit him to me, Sir Gregory. He has spirit and fire, though rather rusticated; but my instructions, and a little polite varnish, will soon display
C those

those bold tints and original touches, which a bad light and a college education have obscured.

Sir Greg. He has already profited by your lessons, sir.

Musc. Yes, Lady Fancourt, herself, made the same remark but yesterday.

Lady L. Charles is become a favourite with her ladyship.

Musc. Is he?

Lady L. Nay, don't be jealous.

Musc. Jealous? Ha, ha, ha! That is excellent! I jealous! Am I not an adept in all the delightful follies of fashion? Do I not lead the mode, and make those dear whims which are ridiculous in others graceful and captivating in me? Am I not in debt to all the town, in love with all the women, envied by all the men, stared at by the world, laughed at by the little, imitated by the great, hated by the awkward, and hooted by the mob? Have I not ruined fifty tradesmen and five Jews? Nay, have I not been ruined myself these three years, and do I not live in as high a style as ever? Ha, ha, ha! I jealous! If I cannot pretend to a lady's favours, who can?

Lady L. Well, well; if you are certain you are not jealous—

Musc. Oh very certain—But, now, tell me, seriously, Lady Louisa—Do you think Charles is—a favourite?

Lady L. With Lady Fancourt?

Musc. Yes.

Lady L. Nay, Mr. Muscadel, I appeal to your own penetration. You are a man of wit and discernment.

Musc. Why—I own—Ha, ha, ha! What foolish thing, now, am I going to own?

Sir Greg. A thousand—

Musc. Sir?

Sir Greg. You *may* own; and have a thousand to spare.

Musc. No—No—I, of all others, I am the—the man of her heart.

Lady L. I doubt it.

Musc. Seriously?

Lady L. Seriously.

Musc. No—No—'Tis impossible—Let us forget it.

Lady L. Do; if you can.

Musc. Can? Ha, ha, ha! That is very good! Hay, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Ay, ay; vapour away. Your character is pretty well understood.

Musc. So much the better. People of merit lose nothing by being known. Day-light or dark, a diamond will sparkle.

Lady L. And you, Mr. Muscadel, always shine. Like a lamp-reflector, you absolutely blaze us blind.

Musc. Sitting or standing, riding or walking, I do every thing with a grace. See me take out my handkerchief, put on my gloves, pick up a fan, present a bouquet, dangle in my chair, loll in my chariot; the most trifling actions are made interesting by my manner. Nay, I even sleep like a gentleman.

“*Sir Greg.* I think, Mr. Muscadel, it is now six years since you came to your estate?

“*Musc.* You are right. It was a great epocha!
 “My father died in the morning, I was in full possession before noon, in the evening I had an
 “affignation with a beautiful woman, was caught
 “by the husband in her bedchamber, appointed
 “to exchange a shot with him at five the next
 “morning, lost half my fortune at White's in
 “the

“ the interim, met my man, lodged a bullet in
 “ his body, sent an attested account of the affair
 “ to the papers, took post for Dover, and enjoyed
 “ a hearty supper, my bottle of Burgundy, a French
 “ *chanson d’amour*, and a sound sleep, the next
 “ night at Calais.

“ *Sir Greg.* While your father and the man you
 “ had wronged lay stretched on their bier!

“ *Musc.* Um—No: as it happened, the gentle-
 “ man mended, in spite of me and the doctors: the
 “ news was sent me, we became the best of friends,
 “ and in six weeks I had the pleasure to wish him
 “ joy of his recovery.

“ *Sir Greg.* After seducing his wife, and—

“ *Musc.* Was it my fault that she was handsome,
 “ and I irresistible?”

Sir Greg. Ha! You may well be a favourite with
 the ladies!

Musc. Oh, yes: I can’t help it. No more can
 they. I have a smile for one, a nod for another,
 a wink for a third, a hem and a how do you do for
 a fourth, and she who gets a squeeze of the hand
 from me thinks herself in heaven!

Lady L. And you really have no fear of a rival,
 with Lady Fancourt?

Musc. A rival? Ha, ha, ha! Rival?—Charles
 is gallant—Her ladyship is polite—but—Oh, no;
 she is too fond of me.

Sir Greg. Indeed!

Musc. Past doubt.

Lady L. How do you know?

Musc. She told me so.

Lady L. What, herself?

Musc. Herself.

Sir Greg. With her own lips?

Musc. Lips? Ha, ha, ha! No; the lips often
 deceive; the eyes never.

Lady L.

Lady L. Be not too confident; there are coquettes in the world.

Musc. I know it; I am one. How do you like me, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Not at all.

Musc. Ha, ha, ha! No?

Sir Greg. You are a modern man of fashion; a beau, whose characteristic it is to babble; though you know little of what you say, and less of what you mean.

Musc. And you are a bully, of the old school: a kind of walking machine, to grind down beef.

Sir Greg. (*Aside*) Baboon!

Musc. You are an old bachelor, too; and have been all your life preaching continence, and practicing—

Sir Greg. (*Suddenly*) Sir, I must beg you will not, any more, make free with my moral character.

Lady L. Fie, Mr. Muscadel! There is nothing of which Sir Gregory is so chary as his moral character.

Sir Greg. Niece—!

Musc. Egad, it is very true: a fair character, like a fair skin, if closely inspected, has a thousand irregularities.

Lady L. (*Significantly*) Ay, like the purple bloom on a fresh gathered plum, it must be admired, not touched: if you handle it, you destroy its beauty—Don't you, uncle?

Musc. Your character and mine, baronet, are certainly very opposite.

Sir Greg. Or I would hang myself! You pretend to wit; but, like booksellers, you deal in what you don't understand.

Musc. Ha, ha, ha! You are an eight day clock, wound up once a week; a fixed star, that every fool knows where to find; an evergreen, always of
one

one colour: a parish clerk, whose whole vocabulary begins and ends in amen. I am a camelion; an English April-day; a comet, that always appears in a blaze, is the talk of the town, the terror of married men, and the admiration of the whole world! While everybody is enquiring whence it comes, how long it stays, where it goes, and when it returns?

Lady L. You affect singularity, Mr. Muscadel.

Musc. No: it is natural to me. We men of fashion are always leading the canaille into absurdities, purposely to laugh at them. We are a kind of Will with a wisp; we glitter and entice the gazer into a bog, and there leave him.

Lady L. Come, come; I must begone, to dress.

Sir Greg. Ah! you are rare animals!

Musc. Meteors, Sir Gregory; which you terrestrials may gaze at, but cannot reach: a kind of rainbow, the splendor of which everybody admires, but nobody can equal, [Exeunt,

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Painting Room of Mr. CRAIG.*

Pictures every where dispersed, some hanging, some standing on the ground. The furniture mean: Mr. Craig painting; Paulina at work, and singing.

S O N G.

I.

I ONCE had a bird of my own !
 It flutter'd and caroll'd right merrily ;
 I look'd, and I found it had flown :
 Gone from me, ah woe, and ah weladay !

II.

“ Poor warbler, while yet thou wert mine,
 “ I fed, and I kiss'd, and I fondled thee ;
 “ I never once knew thee to pine :
 “ Then why hast thou left me : ah weladay ?

III.

“ I heard thy sweet song with delight ;
 “ Thy boundings and frolics gave joy to me ;
 “ Nor wert thou confin'd in thy flight :
 “ Then why hast thou left me : ah weladay ?

IV.

“ Now, rover, thy fate is to mourn :
 “ And I who so often have cherish'd thee,
 “ I too am desponding, forlorn :
 “ Then why hast thou left me : ah weladay ?”

V.

This bird is the type, thou fond heart,
 Of wand'ring which now is thy destiny.
 Why wert thou so prone to depart ;
 Say why hast thou left me, ah weladay ?

Craig.

Craig. Thanks, thanks, my Paulina! My palette in my hand, and thee singing beside me, imagination glows, my soul expands, and my colours melt and mingle into life. My canvas talks to me.

Pau. My heart beats whenever I see you happy.

Craig. Ah could I but forget—Painting is a noble art! To practice it as an amateur would be my delight: but for sale?—For hire?—I must not think of it!

Pau. Oh no; do not.

Craig. Every resource exhausted, doomed for years to work like a mechanic, receive pay—!

Pau. But where, sir, is the disgrace?

Craig. What? A man of family!

Pau. A man of virtue, sir. *What is family?*

Craig. Thou must never marry, Paulina! No fellow of vulgar soul, with sentiments as gross as his occupation, and feelings as rude as his features, shall ever have thee.

Pau. But, if—?

Craig. There is no if. I am degraded. Thy beauty and understanding might tempt a monarch: but I'm a painter! A hireling! A gentleman would condemn me, would expect me to fawn. I'll perish first! Ay, and, dearly as I love thee, thou shalt perish too!

SCENE II. *Enter NANNETTE*

(With a basket with bread, &c.)

Nan. Hah! Vat, I hear you sing? Vat I hear you be merry, mitout morsel for bread to eat?

Pau. Nay, Nannette—*(examining her basket.)*

Craig. Ay, ay; we'll sing—like swans dying.

Pau.

Pau. (*Taking his hand*) Pray do not afflict yourself.

Craig. Oh, no: I am merry. Ha, ha, ha!

Nan. Dere! Dere be littel loaf for you, and littel loaf for you.

Pau. And for yourself?

Nan. *N'importe* meefelf; I don't a vant; I don't a care.

Craig. Woman! When did you see me eat and you fast?

Nan. *Eh bien!* You don't a be so cross, und I eat mit you den.

Craig. Ay, ay; we'll share. Hay, Paulina?

Pan. To the last morsel.

Craig. Why that's my own girl.

Pau. Shall we repine?

Craig. Not at—? Well, well; we won't.

Pau. There is not a shower that falls but it feeds thousands, yet there is not a shower that falls at which thousands do not murmur. Shall we be so unjust?

Craig. Paulina! I think thou art—something divine!—Give me my palette, Nannette—Though fate grin at us, we can be merry; ay, and sing, and—(*Sits down to painting*) Courage! Courage! We have hearts that can endure.

Pau. And hands that can labour.

Craig. (*Indignant*) I had forgotten. We are plebeians.

Nan. Dee vomans vill not no more trust.

Craig. (*Starting up*) There's no supporting it!—Dunned by a small ware pedlar in penny loaves! Refused credit for a few shillings! The son of Craig Campbell!

Pau. (*Soothing*) A few shillings to this poor woman may be ruin.

Craig. Very true—(*Snatching up his brush*) Tell her,
D her,

her, I will paint her a picture shall make the fortune of her whole family! Tell her, I have the art to transform two yards square of canvas to the worth of a province.

Nan. *Mon dieu!* I'll not a tell such lie.

Craig. Courage, Paulina.

Pau. Fear nothing, sir.

Nan. When I am yong, in Strasbourg, me husband vas paint; but he vas no fool, he vas no paint *canevas*, he vas paint house, door, und sign post.

Craig. Sign posts?—I?—Insolent idea! Woman! My name is Craig Campbell.

Nan. You say you not tell your name, more as Craig; und you bawl so loud mit all dee world to hear.

Craig. When I am angry I care not who hears—Well, be it Craig: I would not have the name of Campbell dishonoured. (*Paints*) There's a tint! Look, Paulina. There's an effect! Ha, ha, ha! Sign posts!

Nan. Dee landlady shwear, und tear, und play dee *diable* for dee rent.

Craig. (*Working with great eagerness*) She shall have it.

Nan. *Comment?*

Craig. She shall have it.

Nan. You leave Italy, you come back mit your own country, you ave dee grand relationship, und—

Craig. Nannette!—Don't make me mad. Talk of any thing but my grand relations. I am a man, an independent, honest, honourable man; and have forsworn grandeur. It once spurned at me—And why? Because I was poor—I now spurn at it!

Pau. Fie, Nannette. Forget it, dear sir.

Craig. At a word. 'Tis gone. But we'll be free, Paulina, shall we not?

Pau. Oh, yes.

Craig.

Craig. Why then, smile world or frown, we can live, can forgive thy injustice, and rejoice at thy prosperity.

Pau. Oh, my noble father!

Craig. Ay, girl, as the noblest. *They may clothe me in rags, feed me on offals, load me with fetters; but there is that here, which contemns their injustice, and defies their persecution.*

Nan. *Allons! Va!* It is past a mit twelve o'clock.

Craig. True. The lord to whom I sent a pair of pictures has appointed to see me. I must go. Yet why? I shall gain no admittance. Not at home, is the everlasting answer. The insolent porter will scarcely open the gate wide enough for my hand to enter. But I am poor, and must wait, and come again, and again, and take affronts patiently. So it is. The lord within, sits in state, reveling, banqueting, and tantalizing the palled appetite; while the wretch without, repulsed, insulted, and refused his due, is perhaps perishing with hunger!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. PAULINA, NANNETTE.

Nan. *Eh bien*; he has a not been here yet.

Pau. Who? My Seymour; my Charles?

Nan. *Mais, oui.*

Pau. Alas, no—For seven long inexplicable days he has been absent!

Nan. *Quoi donc?* You so *impatience*!—He promise und say he vas wait for his *riche oncle*; und he vas tell his *amour*, und he vas get his consent, & *donc tout de suite*, he vas marry you.

Pau. Yes, he promised—And he will keep his promise. Seymour will keep his promise.

Nan. *Eh bien, donc!* He come so soon as ven his *oncle* is mit return.

Pau. Very true—Then why am I restless? Why do I pine? Do I not know my Seymour? His heart and soul are faith and truth! Perjured? Seymour? Oh! no, no, no, no, no! No power can make him violate vows so sacred, oaths so solemn! No; that is impossible!—Then why these forebodings? It is because I have been deceitful! Silent to a father, who is himself all sincerity, and whose abundant heart aches with affection for me!

Nan. *Oui!* He vas die mit *grand cœur* to make his shile happy!

Pau. Why then, Nannette, have you indulged me in this guilty delusion?

Nan. Dere now! *Voyez vous!* I am old fool! You make a lose, I make a pity you, und dat is all my tank! Dee yong gentleman see you in dee street, he fall in lose mit you, he make pretend to take lesson mit your fader, und vat I do? I vatch for you, I keep your secret, I carry your letter, und, now, *me voila bien payé!*

Pau. Nay, Nannette.

Nan. Your fader should be more suspect.

Pau. And because he has not suspected, because he has generously confided in me, I have been mean and treacherous! Well may I forebode some dreadful punishment!

Nan. I am hear news, since I am go mitout.

Pau. News! What news?

Nan. *Tres mauvais.*

Pau. Bad! Does it relate to Seymour?

Nan. *Mais, oui,*

Pau. What is it? Tell me instantly!

Nan. You know I ave country voman, dat live mit dee great Lady Fancourt.

Pau. Well?

Nan. Dee berr Seymour, come und make visit mit her very *souvent.*

Pau.

Pau. Visit!—Who? Lady Fancourt?

Nan. She tell a me so. Und she say, Lady Fancourt make a dee lose mit him.

Pau. With my Seymour?

Nan. Und she say too dat dey vill make a *de marriage bien tot*.

Pau. Marry?—Seymour and Lady Fancourt?

Nan. *Ab, oui!*

Pau. (*In agony*) Impossible! Impossible! Perjury and Seymour? Perjury so deep, so seductive, so detestable! No, it cannot be!

Nan. *Je l'espere bien.*

Pau. I'll write to him this instant! I'll write in tears; or if they are too weak to move him, in blood! Let him read, and if he have the power, if he have the heart, let him suffer me longer to remain in this excruciating torment! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Dressing-room of Lady FANCOURT—*

Lady FANCOURT at her toilette : JULETTE waiting.

Lady F. (*Uneasy and agitated*) This pompoon is frightful—Take it away—Mr. Seymour has not been here?

Julette. No, my lady.

Lady F. How pale and spotted I am!

Julette. Shall I give you the carmine, my lady?

Lady F. No—Yes—I hate carmine! I look like a witch!—Are you sure M... Seymour has not called?

Julette. Quite sure, my lady.

Lady F. You are very alert, and confident.

Julette. My lady?

Lady F. (*Softening*) Take that robe, Julette, I wore yesterday: it is your own.

Julette. You are the kindest of ladies!

Lady

Lady F. May be the blundering porter has denied me to him?

Julette. To whom?

Lady F. Pshaw!—Whom?—Mr. Seymour.

Julette. I cautioned him myself, my lady.

Lady F. Cautioned?—Cautioned?—Did you mention my name?

Julette. I told him it was your ladyship's own order.

Lady F. And who authorized you to be so forward?

Julette. You yourself, my lady.

Lady F. Did I?—*Julette* (*Taking her hand*) I fear I treat you unkindly. (*Quitting her*) I begin to despise myself—Three days and not one call; not one enquiry!—I am at home to nobody but Mr. Seymour.

Julette. Not to Mr. Muscadel?

Lady F. I tell you, no.

Julette. (*Aside*) Mercy! Here's a change! (*Going*)

Lady F. Stay—(*Aside*) What am I doing?—Lightly encourage, and lightly discard; is that my character? Is he altered, or am I? I thought I loved him—Oh no; 'twas a vain fancy. I have since been taught that love, wishing, restless, burning love, is only to be kindled by neglect—Perhaps, by scorn—Scorned?—(*To Julette*) Admit Mr. Muscadel, and deny me to Mr. Seymour.

Julette. My lady!—Yes, my lady. (*Going in a hurry*)

Lady F. Come back—You are in great haste.

Julette. Mr. Muscadel is a pleasant good natured gentleman.

Lady F. Who gave you leave to speak?

Julette. My lady?

Lady F. (*Softening*) *Julette*—(*Aside*) Am I lunatic?

lunatic?—Leave me, my good girl—I'll raise your wages.

Julette. Dear—

Lady F. Go. I can't talk—[*Exit Julette*]
(*Knocking at the street door*) *Julette!*

Julette. (*Without*) My lady!

Lady F. Deny me to Mr. Muscadel.

Julette. Yes, my lady.

Lady F. Yet why? What has he done? What will the world say?

Musc. (*Without*) I tell you I know to the contrary.

Julette. (*Without*) Nay but indeed, sir! Pray, sir!

Musc. You mistook your orders.

Julette. No indeed, sir!

SCENE V. *Enter Mr. MUSCADEL.*

Musc. I knew you were at home—Good morrow to your ladyship.

Lady F. These liberties, sir—I did not choose to be at home.

Musc. To any body but me: that was kind.
(*Aside*) This is strange!—There was more in that tale of Seymour than I imagined.

Lady F. I know not how, sir, I have subjected myself to such freedoms.

Musc. By your amiable and polished manners: by being too well bred to take offence—(*Aside*) She wants to quarrel, but I'm determined to keep my temper. Ay, ay! This is Seymour!

Lady F. Mr. Muscadel, if, by any thoughtless conduct, I have given you cause to imagine more than was meant, I am sorry for it.

Musc. Oh no—The Graces have been attiring you!—I never imagine. My imagination is as dull

as

as candlemas-day, in a country-hall, and a visit from the vicar.

Lady F. I am not disposed to trifle. You may accuse me of caprice; and I own I am not certain the accusation would be false.

Musc. Impossible! I cannot accuse; I can only adore. (*Aside*) It is as I suspected.

Lady F. Will you understand me?

Musc. I cannot.

Lady F. Sir!

Musc. You have an infinitude of charms, and infinitude is above my comprehension.

Lady F. I am determined—

Musc. To listen to my wild flights: you have had the same complaisance a thousand times. Angelic sweetness!

Lady F. Once more—

Musc. Aurora on a May-morning never looked so lovely!

Lady F. 'Tis in vain to attempt—

Musc. To resist such divinity! Vain indeed! —But I have something to tell you—I have just made a call in the square.

Lady F. The square?

Musc. (*Aside*) Oh, ho!

Lady F. Which square?

Musc. Cavendish—(*Aside*) I have touched the master key at last.

Lady F. Well, but—? To tell me?

Musc. (*Aside*) Hem!—Yes—I saw Sir Gregory, and Lady Louisa—

Lady F. (*Aside*) Tedious!—Was that all? Nobody else?

Musc. (*Aside and glancing*) Hem!—Oh! I recollect—True—Mr. Seymour—He is just returned.

Lady F. (*Eagerly*) Has he been out of town?

Musc. Yes.

Lady F.

Lady F. Who? Mr. Seymour?

Musc. Hem!—Oh dear, no: Sir Gregory.

Lady F. (*Aside*) Tormenting!—Did he—ask after me?

Musc. With the greatest respect. You are his chief favourite.

Lady F. Indeed!

Musc. I mean Sir Gregory's.

Lady F. (*Aside*) Is this insult?

Musc. Mr. Seymour, too, mentioned your name: a civil enquiry.

Lady F. (*Aside*) Am I betraying myself? Is he making me his amusement?—Mr. Muscadel—

Musc. Nay, you have not heard my story. It will surprise you.

Lady F. What story?

Musc. A love one. Mr. Seymour—

Lady F. Well!—Why don't you go on?—Is Mr. Seymour in love?

Musc. Deeply! Despondingly!

Lady F. (*Aside*) Can that be the reason?

Musc. Perhaps you have heard with whom?

Lady F. I—Not with any certainty.

Musc. Never was poor youth so smitten!

Lady F. And despairs of success?

Musc. No ray of hope.

Lady F. But why? Is she a queen?

Musc. The very queen herself of beauty—as I have been told.

Lady F. (*Aside*) Can it be? In love with me?—Then you have not heard who?

Musc. Oh yes—The most ridiculous choice!

Lady F. How!

Musc. Poverty, obscurity, and impending ruin.

Lady F. Sir!

Musc. A painter's daughter! Sir Gregory will certainly disinherit him.

E

Lady F.

Lady F. (Aside) This then is the secret cause! —Yet—(*To Muscadel*) Are you not indulging your invention?

Musc. (Emphatically) Matter of fact, upon my honour.

Lady F. From whom do you get your intelligence?

Musc. A Mrs. Wilkins; at whose house the girl and her father live.

Lady F. And how should such a woman know?

Musc. Oh! Mrs. Wilkins is a very well informed lady. But you may easily satisfy yourself.

Lady F. Which way?

Musc. 'Tis only in Duke-street: call in and view the pictures: (*Lady Fancourt rings*) or sit for your portrait. There needs no ceremony.

Lady F. (To Footman) Order my carriage.

Musc. (Soothing) Shall I attend you?

Lady F. No.

Musc. You seem—moved.

Lady F. I generally am what I seem.

Musc. A common case this: the feelings strong, the failings great.

Lady F. Sir! Was that to me?

Musc. Upon my—

Lady F. I wish no apologies—When you came in I would have explained; you would not hear—I wish to avoid—that is—Excuse me, but—In short—Pray leave me.

Musc. (Assuming a manly and impassioned tone) Lady Fancourt, you have examined me too superficially: you have noticed only the shell; the habits and manners which wild custom and tame convenience may have taught. Be just, and look a little deeper. You think I have no heart: you are mistaken.

Lady F.

Lady F. 'Tis you that mistake: I knew more of your heart than of my own. [*Knocking beard.*]

Musc. Here is company, and we must not now have either hearts or feelings. We must put on the mask, keep our temper, and be as placid as Mandarins on a mantle-piece, to shew our breeding.

Lady F. You may: I cannot—Nobody will be admitted.

Musc. Nobody?

Lady F. But—Mr. Seymour.

Musc. Lady Fancourt!

Lady F. I tell you the plain truth. If he come—

Musc. I must go?

Lady F. I shall take it as a favour.

Musc. (*Aside*) No, even this shall not throw me off my guard. In love, as in war, the cool combatant has the best chance of victory.

SCENE VI. *Enter Footman and SEYMOUR.*

Lady F. Mr. Seymour! Is it you? I thought you had been gone to the Indies, or the Antipodes, or some strange place.

Musc. (*Aside*) Hem!

Seym. Your ladyship is late at your toilette to-day.

Lady F. Am I? It is so difficult to please one's self.

Musc. In order to please us.

Seym. Your ladyship needs no factitious ornament, no aid from the toilette to please.

Lady F. Take care, Mr. Seymour: you are a man of principle, with you sincerity is a virtue.

Seym. It is surely, madam, no offence to sincerity to say that beauty, like truth, is the most splendid when least encumbered.

Musc. Tolerably well that, but a little too sentimental.

Lady F. (Aside) Will he not go?

Musc. You do well, Seymour, to come here for lessons. See with what fashionable originality Lady Fancourt and I express, I mean conceal, our mutual affection.

Lady F. Sir!

Musc. 'Tis true I have sacrificed, as I ought, fifty of the finest women in England to her ladyship's superior charms.

Lady F. I thought, Mr. Muscadel, what had just passed would have relieved me from such insulting freedoms.

Musc. Nay, all the world knows I am your adorer; and what harm in telling that which all the world knows? Charles here I dare say is your adorer too.

Lady F. Do you, Mr. Muscadel, or do you not, remember what has been said?

Musc. Perfectly, my lady. Courage, Charles! I am sorry I am obliged to leave you. You will be very dull when I am gone. Talk, man, talk! Don't stand studying half an hour for a civil thing; looking as stupid as a poet in search of a simile, and as inanimate as a wooden lion at the head of a Dutch ship.

Lady F. (Aside) Intolerable.

Musc. But Ha, ha, ha! Love is your religion, you are a quaker by sect, and your silence is a sign of your devotion. You will find him very entertaining, Lady Fancourt.

Lady F. The entertainment, sir, which consists in gratifying spleen at the expence of feeling, is not very enviable.

Musc. Spleen? Oh, no; you mistake. Ha, ha, ha! I never knew what spleen, envy, or jealousy

lousy were in my life. Never—But I am sorry to punish you both, by leaving you together. You will soon miss me! Charles, don't begin to yawn too soon. And let me tell you a secret, before I go. Woman, you know, is a riddle: the solution to which is, you must either use her very ill, or be treated worse by her than a straggling hound by a whipper-in. La, la, la, la. Good-morrow to your ladyship. Don't think I am splenetic. Ha, ha, ha! I am not jealous, Charles. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. SEYMOUR, *Lady FANCOURT.*

Seym. Mr. Muscadel beneath the mask of levity conceals an excellent understanding.

Lady F. Do you think so? I have sometimes been of that opinion, sometimes not.

Seym. As a proof, he has a real respect and admiration for your ladyship.

Lady F. For me, or for my rank, wealth, and powerful connexions?

Seym. If I can judge, his passion is sincere and ardent.

Lady F. I am sorry for it—The caprices of love, Mr. Seymour, are often cruel.

Seym. And often fatal. Yet I begin to suspect they are the mere creatures of our own disordered imaginations.

Lady F. (*Aside*) There is hope in that thought—Why true. How then can we answer it to our relations, or the world, if, seduced by some fancied beauties of person, perhaps by the mere accident of complexion, which a frosty air gives and a gloomy day destroys, looking no deeper, we turn from prosperity and wilfully embrace ruin; in which we not only involve ourselves but all who are nearest and dearest to the heart?

Seym. (*Disturbed*) 'Tis cowardice! Guilt!

Lady F.

Lady F. Preceded by perturbation, followed by remorse; beginning in folly, ending in despair.

Seym. (*In a deep reverie*) The picture is false! Not thy complexion, Paulina! No; 'tis thy emanating divine mind!

Lady F. Mr. Seymour.

Seym. Madam—I have a weakness—It hourly hurries me into absurdity.

Lady F. (*Aside*) And what have I?

Seym. I am unfit company—

Lady F. Nay, one moment—Your uncle has told me you have thoughts of marriage. 'Tis a serious act. What is its end? Your birth is noble, your talents are great, your expectations cannot be too high. The happiness of your family is at stake: the eye of the world is fixed upon you. Love, you own, is but the creature of fancy—You would not marry—a painter's daughter?

Seym. Madam!

Lady F. Look forward to the honours that are possible.

Seym. I despise them.

Lady F. Well then, to the good you may effect; the happiness you may diffuse.

Seym. Ay, that is a weighty thought!

Lady F. A claim, which mankind has upon you. Disgrace your family, destroy your peace, and desert your duty? It must not be!

Seym. The motives indeed are powerful.

Lady F. Think me interested, and perhaps I am; I scorn hypocrisy; but, if I speak truth, consider and resolve. [Exit.

Seym. Why so!—The warfare thickens and the battle rages!—She has a noble mind!—Her arguments are potent!—Yet she knows not all. Oh! Paulina! Must a sister, or must thou, be sacrificed? Something must be done. Yet every hour increases

creases stupefaction ! My mind confused, my powers confounded, I despise my own imbecility yet cannot shake it off ! Like hag-ridden sleep, gasping for breath, and heaving for motion, I am chained down in agonizing impotence ! [Exit.]

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The House of Sir GREGORY OLDWORT.*

Sir GREGORY meeting JAMES.

James. (IN a half whisper and significantly) Mrs. Vilkins is below, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. (Assuming anger) Who ?

James. (With continued significance) Mrs. Vilkins.

Sir Greg. What do you mean ? What does she want ? Who is Mrs. Wilkins ?

James. Oh ! Boh ! Your honour knows Mrs. Vilkins wery vell. The old lodging house lady ; where the pretty —

Sir Greg. What is that you say, fellow ? I know ! I — !

James. Where your honour used to wisit so often, last vinter.

Sir Greg. Why, man, do you mean to insinuate — ?

James. Lord, no, your honour ! I means to sinuate nothing, not I.

I

Sir Greg.

Sir Greg. How often must I warn you, firrah, that these freedoms of yours are intolerable?

James. Nay your honour wery vell knows I am close.

Sir Greg. How dare you, fellow, reptile, slave, comment on my actions? "Mine? Your liege lord, vassal?"

James. I commit your actions? Lord, your honour, I am not a tenth part so vicked a sinner! But I likes you should call me names, for then you doesn't forget hush money.

Sir Greg. I'll dismiss you instantly—

James. So you have said a thousand times.

Sir Greg. For your infernal impudence.

James. No; 'tis for that you keeps me. I shouldn't suit your honour if I hadn't a bit o' brass.

Sir Greg. Begone! Quit my presence.

James. Your honour forgets! Mrs. Vilkins is below!

Sir Greg. "Was ever a man of my family, my dignity, thus insulted by his knave, his slave, his serf, his villain!" What is it that your Mrs. Wilkins wants with me?

James. Vhy, she says, hearing as how your honour is just returned to town, (*Looking round*) she has a lodger.

Sir Greg. What, a a a young—? Hem! (*Resuming his dignity*) What is that to me, fellow?

James. A fine bit o' bloom!

Sir Greg. Why, firrah—!

James. Nay! I doesn't mean to finniate nothing!

Sir Greg. Begone, scoundrel!

James. Oh! Vell!

Sir Greg. Come back, do you hear?

James. (*Laughing*) Your honour?

Sir Greg. How dare you, fellow—!

James.

James. Your honour?

Sir Greg. Let that woman in?

James. (*Going*) Oh!

Sir Greg. Where are you going?

James. To turn her out.

Sir Greg. Turn—!

James. I'll shew her the short way.

Sir Greg. Come back, hound! How dare you—?

James. Must I send her out?

Sir Greg. Why, slave—!

James. Or send her up?

Sir Greg. Reptile!

James. Lord; Sir Gregory, there's no pleasing you. But I knows very vell vhat your honour would be at, so I'll send her up. [*Exit.*]

Sir Greg. The manners of this malicious age are insufferable! If one of our ancient Barons thought proper to have his concubine, what vassal refused his daughter? Who durst breathe disapprobation? He had a certain cure for calumny; a gallows, on his own domains; himself the judge. But now his very Menials sit in judgment on his character; and sip it up in tea, coffee, limmonade, and the rest of their contemptible small tippie.

SCENE II. *Enter Mrs. WILKINS and JAMES.*

Sir Greg. How comes it, Mrs. Wilkins, that—?

Mrs. W. Not a soul saw me come up, Sir Gregory. (*Sir Gregory stops to consider at each suggestion of Mrs. Wilkins, then reverts to his dignity*)

Sir Greg. A man of my dignity!

Mrs. W. (*Pointing to her bonnet*) My curtain over my face—

Sir Greg. The family of Oldwort!

F

Mrs. W.

Mrs. W. I am not known in this neighbourhood.

Sir Greg. Who shall dare—?

Mrs. W. There was no creature in the street.

Sir Greg. My character, madam, must be respected!

Mrs. W. Not a servant in the house has set eyes on me, except James.

Sir Greg. Exposed to the scandal of of—! Are you sure my niece, Lady Louisa, did not see you?

Mrs. W. Certain, Sir Gregory!

James. (*With his usual signs*) She's gone out, your honour.

Sir Greg. Why how now, caitiff! How dare you stand listening—? Begone!

James. I'll keep vatch, your honour!

Sir Greg. The wicked tongues of this wicked world—

Mrs. W. The sweetest creature!

Sir Greg. Hey! What?

Mrs. W. I knew, Sir Gregory—

Sir Greg. What did you know? Mrs. Wilkins, you give yourself very strange liberties!

Mrs. W. An angel!

Sir Greg. Hey! Who? What, what?

Mrs. W. Eyes never beheld her equal!

Sir Greg. Indeed!

Mrs. W. Enchanting!

Sir Greg. So very beautiful?

Mrs. W. In the full bloom of youth!

Sir Greg. Auburn hair?

Mrs. W. Blue eyes!

“*Sir Greg.* Slender waist?

“*Mrs. W.* Ivory teeth!

“*Sir Greg.* Pouting lips?

“*Mrs. W.* Snow white neck!”

Sir Greg. Is she at home?

Mrs. W.

Mrs. W. And alone, at this very moment.

Sir Greg. Now?

Mrs. W. At this moment. (*Sir Gregory rings*)
She has a father, and an old gouvernante.

SCENE III. *Enter JAMES with a large hat and roquelaure.*

James. Here is your honour's flouched hat and cloak.

Sir Greg. Why, hind! This fellow's familiar insolence would drive a man mad!

James. You may slip out, Sir Gregory, in a twinkling.

Sir Greg. Fungus!

Mrs. W. (*Looking through the door*) All is still.

Sir Greg. Woman!

James. There is a hackney coach waiting round the corner. (*A loud rap is heard at the door*)

Sir Greg. Zounds! Here's somebody coming!
(*Making signs to James*) Quick! Quick!

James. (*Stealing off*) Never fear, your honour.

Sir Greg. (*To Mrs. Wilkins*) Up with your cloak; down with your curtain!

SCENE IV. *Enter SEYMOUR.*

Mrs. W. (*Curtfying*) I humbly thank your honour. Your honour is a good gentleman, a kind gentleman, and a father to the friendless!

Sir Greg. (*Pompously*) Go, go; good woman.

Mrs. W. Heaven blefs your honour! [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. So, fir! Did not I lay my commands on you to visit Lady Fancourt?

Seym. I have obeyed your commands, fir.

Sir Greg. Oh, you have? It is your wisest course.

Seym. So say prudence and pride ; but principle and inclination pull the contrary way.

Sir Greg. What do you mean by inclination, sir ? How dare you suppose you have inclinations ?

Seym. Who has not ?

Sir Greg. Ah ! So that, like a ship at anchor, you are always in motion, without ever making any way !

Seym. Exactly so, sir.

Sir Greg. Inclination, indeed ! Get an estate ; get rank ; get honour. Your sister, too, has her inclinations : but let her beware !

Re-enter JAMES.

James. (*Aside to Sir Gregory*) The coach is waiting. Must I send it away ?

Sir Greg. (*Aside but angrily*) Begone, mungrel !

James. Hah ! That means, no—I'll take care, your honour. The hat and cloak is ready in the hall. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. (*Sternly*) Look to it, sir ! I am resolved. Lady Fancourt is of one of our first families, has a fine estate, is in high favour at court. To refuse such a match were idiotism, or lunacy. Inclination ? My age, station, and character, demand respect : I am your natural guardian, counsellor, and guide ; make me your mirror ; curb your passions ; follow good example, good advice, good morals. Keep your character clear, your conduct chaste, your conscience pure, and obey your betters. Mark me, sir ; I am resolved ! Inclinations indeed ?

James. (*Peeping in at the door, and aside*) All is ready !

Sir Greg. (*Aside*) Scoundrel ! Hem ! (*Aloud*) Inclinations indeed !

[*Exeunt James and Sir Gregory.*
Seym.

Seym. Why, ay. Riches, rank, and power, bought at the expence of perturbation, perjury, and—murder!—I know her heart: she could not, would not, survive my treachery!

SCENE V. *Enter Lady LOUISA.*

Lady L. Well, Charles; what still in the mournfuls?

Seym. I am the most irresolute, most childish, most miserable of men.

Lady L. Ah; you have been to Paulina?

Seym. Would I had! I should then at least be relieved from suspense: should be hers everlastingly, or everlastingly separated from her. No state of mind can be more degrading, than that in which I remain.

Lady L. But you have been somewhere?

Seym. Yes: to visit Lady Fancourt.

Lady L. Well?

Seym. She has heard of Paulina.

Lady L. How?

Seym. Do not think me vain—she is jealous.

Lady L. Then Sir Gregory will be told! What will become of us?

Seym. Your husband is my friend; I love his amiable qualities; but they are delicate, not daring: they would shrink and wither, at the touch of misfortune.

Lady L. 'Tis true.

Seym. I, and I only, seem to have the power to preserve a sister, a friend, and a brother. But the means? Oh, did you know Paulina! Her mind, vast and luminous! Extinguished? Trodden out, by me? Horrible thought!

Lady L. If it be so strong, there is no fear.

Seym.

Seym. It has its weakness : I have mine. Read that letter.

Lady L. From whom ?

Seym. Paulina : the deceived, afflicted, injured, yet ever faithful Paulina ! Read.

Lady L. (*Reads*) " This is the eighth day that my Seymour, my beloved, has been absent ! Where is he ? Where is my bridegroom, my husband ; for so, in the presence of heaven and all the heavenly host, he is ? Am I forgotten ? They tell me of a lady ! Where art thou, Seymour ? Where is the beloved of my soul ? Has he forsaken me ? Oh, no ! Detested be the unjust the ungenerous thought ! Come, in pity come, lest phrenzy suddenly seize on thy Paulina ! " — Poor dear girl ! — What can be done ?

Seym. Something dreadful ! Something that shall teach youth the horrid torments attendant on deceit ; that shall make me a fearful example of blind, rash, unequal love !

Lady L. Charles ! Collect your thoughts. Terror and distraction may increase, but cannot cure, evil.

Seym. And must I then live and die a perjured wretch ? — A monster ? — Oh the villany of rashness ! Did you know how I laboured, intreated, threatened, wept, swore ! Solemn oaths, wild phrenzies, desperate threats, no horror had been left unacted had she persevered in rejecting me ! What then had she been faithless, perjured as I am ? Oh ! Madness !

Lady L. Brother ! Charles !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *The Painter's.**Mrs. WILKINS and NANNETTE.*

Mrs. W. Fine airs, indeed ! But I'll fend you to a safe place.

Nan. (*Aside*) *Carogne !*

Mrs. W. Run in every body's debt, pay no rent, and stand upon your punctilios, truly !

Nan. *Mais, madame—*

Mrs. W. An old gentleman, a modest gentleman, a kind gentleman, ay and a baronet !

Nan. *Mais—*

Mrs. W. No less a person than Sir Gregory Oldwort !

Nan. (*Struck with the name*) *Qui ? Vat you say ? Dee Chevalier Oldvort ?*

Mrs. W. Shivalyay indeed ? I say, to Sir Gregory Oldwort !

Nan. *Ab, dieu !* Why you not tell so much soon before ?

Mrs. W. Oh, ho !

Nan. Und dee *Chevalier* Oldvort know my *maitresse* ?

Mrs. W. How should he know her ? She would not so much as shew her face !

Nan. *Mais*, she not know it was dee *Chevalier*, *autrement—*

Mrs. W. In plain English, will she admit his visits, or will she not ?

Nan. *Mais mon dieu !* Dee *Chevalier* not make a love mit my *maitresse* ?

Mrs. W. What can I tell ? Why not ? May be no ; may be yes. That's their affair. I have nothing to do with people's private concerns.

Nan. *Ab, j'entens !* I speak mit Paulina, und, when

when dee *Chevalier* Oldvort is return, you tell a me ;
et nous verrons.

Mrs. W. Well, well. But this matter must be managed cautiously. The old gentleman must not be seen. Nobody must come in, while he is here. You understand me ?

Nan. *Oui, oui.* Let a me do.

Mrs. W. You must not seem to know who he is.

Nan. *Mais, pourquoi ?* Vat is dat ?

Mrs. W. Anan ? I tell you, he would not be known for the world. So mind what I say, be cautious and compliant ; or, remember—! [*Exit.*

Nan. *Bon dieu !* Dee *Chevalier* Oldvort ! Vat shall I vill do ?

SCENE VII. *Enter CRAIG.*

(*With great cheerfulness*)

Craig. Ah ! Nannette !

Nan. *Eh bien ?*

Craig. I am in high spirits ! I have had an interview with his lordship.

Nan. *Bon.*

Craig. He is well bred ; understands character ; talked to me on terms of equality ; never once reminded me that he was a peer, and I—? A painter ! —He is a man of sense :

Nan. Ah, ha ! Vat he vas pay you ?

Craig. (*Not attending to her*) He pleased me highly !

Nan. He vas pay you mit money ?

Craig. Curse money ! Mention money to me ?
No ; he treated me like a gentleman :

Nan. *Comment !*

Craig:

Craig. (*Inattentive to her*) Discourfed with ease;
praised my pictures;

Nan. Und vas not give you pay mit money?

Craig. Pointed out their beauties, frankly told
me their defects—

Nan. *Patience!* He not pay you mit money?

Craig. Peace! Woman. Damn money! Do you
forget who I am? You are determined to put me
in an ill humour.

Nan. *J'enrage!* Here is dee *vilaine* landlady she
turn us all out, our head mit dee door.

Craig. Ha! More dunning? More? Well,
well!

Nan. She put us mit dee prison, und she make
us all starve und die mit hunger.

Craig. Me; not you. I defy her malice.

Nan. Vat you say?—Not me?—You go to pri-
son, you starve mit hunger, und I not go to prison,
I not starve mit hunger, too?

Craig. Woman, I have already too many obli-
gations to you.

Nan. *Mais c'est trop!* I am live mit you twenty
year; I am nurse your shile; I am die mit your
wife, *ma pauvre maitresse*; I am eat mit you, drink
mit you, laugh mit you, cry mit you, and I am
not go to prison mit you? I am not die mit hun-
ger mit you? *Barbare!*

Craig. Oh this stubborn heart!—Good affec-
tionate creature (*Taking her hand*) Yes, Nannette,
if so it must be we'll rot, starve, and die together!

Nan. (*Eagerly kissing his hand*) *Mon bon maitre!*
Mon cher ami! You always ave dee heart—*Tenez—*
So big! *Comme ça—* (*Making a circle over her whole*
bosom) Und I ave dee heart so big, too.

Craig. So thou hast, Nannette. I have tried it,
and hope yet to see it rewarded—But this money!
This vile contaminating traffic—I must submit.

I'm to be paid this afternoon. The steward was out and I, tradesman like, must call again.

Nan. Ha! Dat is mit vhat dee Milors pay dere debt: call again! Call again? Ha! I don't a lose call again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the House of Sir GREGORY OLDWORT.*

Enter Lady LOUISA meeting CHARLES.

Lady L. Oh, brother!

Seym. What is the matter?

Lady L. All is over! I'm betrayed!

Seym. How?

Lady L. Sir Gregory—Mr. Compton directs my letters under cover to his sister.

Seym. Well?

Lady L. Sir Gregory's suspicions have induced him to continue his visits to her: she had just received a letter for me, had stripped off the cover and laid it for a moment on her dressing table: Sir Gregory abruptly came in, saw the direction, "to Lady Louisa Compton," snatched it up, and deaf to the intreaties of poor Miss Compton refused to return it, determined he said to deliver it himself.

Seym. How do you know all this?

Lady L. Miss Compton's woman came running terrified and out of breath to tell me.

Seym. What can be done?

Lady L. I am ruined! Mr. Compton is ruined!

SCENE IX. *Enter Sir GREGORY (With Letter)*

Sir Greg. So, madam!

Lady L. (*In great confusion*) Sir—

Sir Greg. Compton is your name?

Seym. My dear uncle—

Sir

Sir Greg. (Sternly) Silence, sir!—Will you please to read me this letter; or must I be under the necessity of breaking the seal?

Lady L. If I might hope for your forgiveness, sir—

Sir Greg. Will you read me the letter?

Seym. Your anger, sir, overpowers my sister.

Sir Greg. Silence, once more!—Your name is Compton?

Lady L. (Falling on her knee) It is, sir.

Sir Greg. Prepare to leave this house.

Lady L. For the love of pity—!

Sir Greg. Prepare to leave this house.

Lady L. I am fatherless, I am fortuneless, I am in your power: you are my uncle; do with me what you please.

Sir Greg. Left in indigence by a dissipated father, abandoned by the spendthrift peer your brother, I fostered, I protected you; I watched to preserve the family dignity from taint; my charity would have rescued the name of Oldwort from degradation.

Seym. (Aside) Admirable charity!

Sir Greg. But the object for which I laboured is lost, and I renounce you! I shake you off! You are an alien to my blood, and your punishment will be my daily prayer.

Seym. Consider, sir—

Sir Greg. Ay and you, sir, if you utter another word; you too, with your inclinations! Nay, if an hour hence I find you here, madam, the next hour shall rid me of you both!

[Exit throwing down the letter.]

SCENE X. SEYMOUR, Lady LOUISA.

Seym. (Picking it up) Be comforted, Louisa. There is yet one desperate course to take. I am

now your only protector: it is fit I should devote myself. Were it only myself—? 'Tis madness, and misery! But it must be done.

Lady L. Not for me! You shall not be miserable for me!

Seym. Every duty calls upon me; and, in addition to them all, the salvation of a sister! It shall be done.

Lady L. What will become of me? Where must I go?

Seym. With me to Lady Fancourt. I will put you under her protection.

Lady L. And sacrifice yourself?

Seym. Duty, reason, fraternal affection, all demand it. Come; there is no time to be lost.

Lady L. This must not be!

Seym. We must not argue, must not think; that were distraction: my hour at length is come, and now act I must. Oh, Paulina! I'll see her once more, take one last eternal adieu, then, if my heart strings hold but this, crack them who can!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Painter's.*

Lady FANCOURT, Mrs. WILKINS.

Lady F. NOT at home, say you?

Mrs. W. She will soon be back, my lady. I think I hear her voice below, now.

Lady F.

Lady F. (Aside) Why am I here? Rivaled by an obscure unprotected indigent creature? I? Flattered and pursued as I have been, for my beauty rank and riches, and rivaled? Thus rivaled too? Dreading, envying, nay half hating a low born girl, whom I have never seen? Is it real? Can I thus stoop and forget my better reason and my proud fortunes? What miracle is she; and what poor pitiable thing am I?

SCENE II. *Enter PAULINA. Salute.*

Lady F. (Stands admiring) Why yes! She is beautiful! Her countenance beams intelligence and soul!—Pray leave us. *[Exit Mrs. Wilkins.]*

Your name is Paulina?

Pau. It is, madam.

Lady F. (Aside) What sweetness of voice!—I am come to talk to you. Take courage: speak your sentiments freely.

Pau. I should be sorry, madam, to need the caution. Being conscious of no ill, I know not why or what I ought to fear.

Lady F. (Aside) Indeed! So firm?—Superior wealth rank and power usually inspire such fears.

Pau. Usually, but unworthily. 'Tis the degradation of mind to fear any thing, but guilt.

Lady F. (Aside) Wonderful!—I had heard of your beauty, and am surprised at your understanding.

Pau. They are both of them accidents. If I possess them, I can but ill explain how, or why.

Lady F. (Aside) There is witchery about her!—Do you know me?

Pau. No.

Lady F. Do you know—Mr. Seymour?

Pau.

Pau. Madam!

Lady F. Does your firmness leave you?

Pau. No: but the question is abrupt.

Lady F. Does it offend?

Pau. There is something in you, madam, which assures me it is not your custom to intend offence; and I will not think you intend it now.

Lady F. (Aside) This is strange! Sentiments so just, so uncommon, and in a painter's daughter? 'Tis amazing!—I came to reason with you, to warn you.

Pau. Against what?

Lady F. Mistake, misery, crime: the desertion of duty, the contempt of the world, and the hatred of him whom your allurements have inveigled.

Pau. (Suppressing passion) Madam, I will again suppose you do not intend to wound; I will therefore resolve not to feel—But you do me injustice—I am young, have neither the wealth, rank, nor power you seem to revere; yet I am no inveigler.

Lady F. Your spirit is high!

Pau. I mean it to be no more than just; if I exceed, I am sorry.

Lady F. (Aside) She is an extraordinary creature!—Think on the consequences—

Pau. Of what?

Lady F. A union so unequal!

Pau. I have thought, and can discover no true inequality, but between virtue and vice.

Lady F. Thus we palliate our errors. Selfishness is the lurking motive. So that our own petty concerns do but prosper, we care not though the world go to wreck!

Pau. Convince me of any wrong I shall do to Seymour or to justice, and I will suffer martyrdom rather than commit it. For the mere forms and
rules

rules of an arrogant and interested world I have but little respect.

Lady F. (Aside) She aims to tower above me! Am I unjust? Is it not pride in her? Is it not presumption? In some gifts perhaps my equal, in others surely she is my inferior. And shall I cede the high claims of love; the dear affections of the heart? But their passion is mutual. Be it so: what is it but mutual folly? My views are rational, my motives dignified, and merit success. Her's are romantic, fatal to order and the peace of families, and must be shall be frustrated.

SCENE III. *Re-enter Mrs. WILKINS.*

Mrs. W. Your ladyship's carriage is come back, as you ordered.

Lady F. Very well—I have given you good advice, reflect on what I have said. You have received great gifts: act as becomes you, and increase the admiration you have raised. But, beware! Indulge no fond folly. Attempt not to grasp the stars! Seymour and his alliances are above you. Shun rashness, follow good counsel, and dread involving yourself and him you pretend to love in wretchedness. Dare not to set vice so dangerous an example! [Exit.]

Pau. (Wishing to be heard) Madam—

Mrs. W. Pray take care, your ladyship!

Pau. What can this mean?

Mrs. W. (To Paulina) 'Tis the great Lady Fancourt! Hush! [Exit.]

Pau. Lady Fancourt? Heavens! What do these warnings, these threats portend? *I cannot be deceived? These haughty claims these arrogant distinctions of wealth and birth are not, cannot be just!* But she declares her views on Seymour! Where is he?

he? Why is he still absent? My letter unanswered! What are his thoughts? What are his feelings? What are his designs? Oh!—(*Falls in a chair covering her face with her hands.*)

SCENE IV. *Enter NANNETTE.*

Pau. (*Suddenly starting up and running to her*) Nannette! Hast thou seen him? Has he read my letter? Will he come?

Nan. *Par hazard*, I ave see him.

Pau. Hast thou?—And the letter?

Nan. He has not answer mit your letter.

Pau. (*Wildly*) No answer?—No answer?

Nan. *Mais quelle impatience!* He is not write mit answer; but he is vill be here, now by and by.

Pau. Will he? Will he?—Oh, yes! Do I not know my Seymour? How shall I expiate the frequent suspicions of his faith, of which I have lately been guilty?

Nan. *Chut! Taisez vous!* Your fader is come.

SCENE V. *Enter CRAIG.*

Craig. Hast thou not thought me long, Paulina?

Pau. No, sir.

Craig. Here, Nannette; take this tradesman's dirt: it fouls my fingers.

Pau. And why?

Craig. Pay it away; rid me of it! I feel my soul groveling at the touch.

Nan. *Ciel!* Dee money make pay mit dee Milor! Eh! I am very great big mit joy! [*Exit.*]

Craig. Wages, counted out by a menial, for work done and delivered for his master. Ah!—

SCENE VI. *Enter SEYMOUR, dejectedly.*

Seym. Good-morrow, my worthy friends. (*Paulina discovers great joy*)

Craig. My pupil? I am glad to see you!

Seym. Have you been walking?

Craig. Business. Following my trade. Doing as I was bid, and signing a receipt in full, with a bow a cringe and a humbly thank you, sir! I hope for your future custom! No shopkeeper in England will serve you better!—I have learned the whole trick of it.

Seym. If you think labour an indignity, you are wrong.

Craig. What, so much per day?—Well!—No matter. But how has it happened that you, the friend of my art, have absented yourself for a whole week?

Seym. (*Embarrassed*) The expectation—My uncle was out of town.

Craig. Is he returned?

Seym. Yes.

Craig. Well, sir, I applaud your dutiful attention—Your marriage then will soon take place? (*Paulina extremely alarmed*)

Seym. (*Confused*) What marriage? Who tells you—?

Craig. Oh! The woman below; a thousand idle gossips busy themselves in spreading reports that relate to persons of high life (*Paulina's agitation increases*) The union is spoken of with applause.

Seym. (*Watching Paulina in the back ground*) What union, sir?

Craig. With Lady Fancourt.

Seym. But, sir—I assure you—It is not—That is, I have never proposed such a marriage to her ladyship.

(*Paulina relieved*)

H

Craig.

Craig. Nay, if you could not be happy, far be it from me to wish for such an event.

Seym. Then happy I never could be (*Joy of Paulina—Pause*) But what subjects are you employed on at present?

Craig. Various. I have a picture I wish to shew you. It still wants a few touches. I have left it in the parlour. Will you have the goodness to wait a moment? [Exit.

SCENE VII. PAULINA runs to SEYMOUR.

Pau. My Seymour! (*Looking stedfastly for a moment, then affectionately snatching his hand*) My Seymour!

Seym. My precious Paulina!

Pau. How dost thou?

Seym. Ill: very ill!

Pau. (*Alarmed*) Ill?

Seym. Wretched!

Pau. What dost thou mean, Seymour? (PAUSE) Why dost thou look thus despondingly on me?—What is there in thy thoughts?—Some dreadful secret, sure!—Speak! Thy silence distracts me!

Seym. Man is born for misery, guilt, perjury!

Pau. (*With horror*) Seymour?

Seym. I have a sister, young, affectionate, and noble minded as thyself—

Pau. Well?

Seym. But desolate, ruined, devoted to wretchedness, unless—!

Pau. How can—?

Seym. Lady Fancourt—!

Pau. (*With a sudden cry of anguish*) Stop!—Forbear! (*Falling on her knees and again seizing his hand*) Thou art mine!—(*With wild agony*) Thou

Thou art mine!—Cast thy eyes up to heaven; remember what thou hast sworn; remember who hath heard thee! (*With frantic fervour*)—By that divine, that just, that avenging essence, whose immaculate name thou hast made thy pledge, I will not survive thy falsehood! (*Again with agony*) Thou art mine! Thou art mine! (*Rising*) Why talk of surviving? The maddening brain is murdered by the bare suspicion!

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter CRAIG with the picture; whose mind is so occupied through the scene by his picture, that he does not attend to the agitation of Paulina and Seymour.*

Craig. Works addressed to the imagination are unworthy of praise, unless they have some moral purpose. The subject I have chosen will meet applause from you, sir, and all whose hearts and principles are equally generous and noble—It is the progress of seduction; beginning in perjury, ending in suicide.

Seym. Sir!

Craig. (*Pleased*) I knew it must incite terror!—This is but one of a series of pictures—Here I have imagined—

Seym. Perjury? Here is a portrait of Paulina!

Craig. Yes—Perhaps the partiality of a father led me to suppose the form and countenance of my Paulina miraculously adapted to my subject—But observe—The scene is a cave (*Pointing*) an overhanging rock, a gloomy forest in the back ground, some broken lights and distances on the left, and a deep gulph in front: the heroine here, here the confidante, and here the only guardian they dared to trust, a faithful mastiff. Observe these traits. Behold her, with all her native candor and confidence,

dence, waiting for her expected lover, and imagining all his superior qualities of soul; while the godlike picture her fancy forms, of him and his high deserts, beams in her eyes, and illuminates her countenance!—How shall I pourtray the agony of a heart so pure and unsuspecting, when the fearful moment comes? Is it not an interesting subject?

Seym. A subject of terror! Horror! Madness!

Craig. (*Quitting the picture*) Yes, madness is one of its principal features—After depicting the dreadful conflict, when she hears the perjured seducer is on the eve of marriage with another, after shewing her in all the agonies of despair, imploring at his feet—perhaps at the feet of his mistress—

[*Paulina appears to be suddenly struck, at this moment, with her father's thought; which she must express in action, and run precipitately out of the chamber-door, that leads to the street. That this may be perceptible, an interruption must be put to the Painter's description, by the embarrassment of Seymour; who, after his exclamation, turns away, unable to sustain the anguish of mind he feels. Craig wholly absorbed by his subject*]

Seym. Oh! Insupportable!

Craig. Ay!—Insupportable indeed, to a mind like yours; even though but in imagination—What then will you feel, when you shall behold a form so lovely, so angelic, and innocence so unsuspecting, deprived of reason; confined in a mad-house; surrounded by miserable objects; straw, bread, water, and merciless keepers; who vainly attempt, with chains and scourges, to expel frenzy?

Seym. Peace!

Craig. Mr, Seymour?

Seym.

Seym. Silence! I say—Proceed no farther; if you would not have me act the scenes you mean to paint!

Craig. (*Alarmed*) I meant—

Seym. Forbear! [*Exit: distractedly.*]

Craig. It is strange!—Is it imagination, or—?
(*A knocking heard*) Come in!

SCENE IX. *Enter Lady LOUISA COMPTON.*

Lady L. Is your name Craig, sir?

Craig. It is, madam.

Lady L. Is your daughter within?

Craig. (*Looks round*) She was here this minute! Nannette!

SCENE X. *Enter NANNETTE: hastily with hat and cloak over her arm.*

Nan. Eh! Vat you vant?

Craig. Where is Paulina?

Nan. *Je ne sçais pas.* She vas run out, und I am run after. [*Exit: in great haste.*]

SCENE XI. CRAIG, Lady LOUISA.

Craig. Nannette!—What is the matter with the woman?

Lady L. (*Aside*) I fear all is not right! How shall I begin?—My business here, sir, excuse my frankness, is, if possible, to gain the friendship of you and your daughter.

Craig. (*Pausing*) Your appearance speaks rank, and the haughtiest of the hackneyed answers of politeness would be, “Madam, you do us honour.” But I—I once was—No matter. I *am* a painter: a worker in oils—but no fawner. Misfortune I fear

fear has made me a little peevish; perhaps a little proud, and—Friends?—I doubt we are not fitted to be friends.

Lady L. Why not?—Mr. Seymour is my brother.

Craig. Indeed!—Then you are a happy sister.

Lady L. Ah!—We all have our sorrows: I have mine! You are above ceremony—I have a carriage waiting and a commission from Lady Fancourt; an invitation to dine with us.

Craig. Me?—Pardon me. I must not be exhibited. I know my distance, and I will keep it. No footman shall sneer over my shoulder. No lady shall act civility to keep me from sinking in her presence. No lord shall put his half-dozen insipid interrogatories, to convince me he has not quite forgotten I am of the speaking species—A little fore, here—I have been scourged—I once saw sunshine, afar off—Clouds! Clouds!

Lady L. You love your art?

Craig. With a burning zeal!

Lady L. Then why despise to practice it?

Craig. What! Genius labouring for scraps, and even they denied him? Misery his attendant; prisons in prospect; penury goading, famine gazing at him!—Beside—my name is—Pshaw! I'm a fool.

Lady L. (*Aside*) I must speak—Your daughter—

Craig. Ay! There is the lash—Yet, why? Inestimable girl! My heart is full of her image!

Lady L. What pity it is parental joys should be so frequently embittered!

Craig. Never, here. No tyranny, no suspicion, here. We know from whom we derive—Affection, expansion of heart are our inmates: not trick, jealousy, and concealment.

Lady

Lady L. (Aside) How will he support it?—
There is one fatal, yet universal, intruder. Love—

Craig. Disturbs the peace of most fathers, but
not mine. Were the daughter of Cam—Were my
daughter in love, I should be her first confidant.

Lady L. And are you then so little read in the
human heart, and its terrors; especially the fe-
male heart?

Craig. (Alarmed) Do these questions point at
me?

Lady L. Be calm. Tell me; how would you
act should a young man of rank demand your
daughter's hand?

Craig. Refuse him. Not but Paulina might
unblushingly have placed her stool beside the ca-
nopies of princes, had not I, her father, been un-
justly forced to handle brushes!

Lady L. And is that a stain?

Craig. Indelible! So 'tis thought.

Lady L. By prejudice and folly.

Craig. Your brother is a youth of ten thousand:
I respect and love his virtues: yet, were even he
to ask my Paulina, he would meet a denial.

Lady L. Sir!

Craig. Shall I stand at humble distance in the
presence of him by whom I ought to be treated
with paternal respect; and crouch, and bend,
when it might become me to exert the influence of
reason, that I might prevent or redress error; and
thus meanly desert both duty and self-esteem?—
There are nobility of birth and nobility of heart:
the former but few enjoy; the latter many a poor
and many a neglected man, in common with my-
self, possess.

Lady L. Well, sir, possessing that nobility, the
other is a trifling want.

Craig. 'Tis a want unknown to me: I am—

Lady

Lady L. Sir?—(*Aside*) One effort more—You are acquainted with Sir Gregory Oldwort?

Craig. (*Indignantly*) Forbear to mention him!—Your pardon!—His name is poison to me.

Lady L. Why?

Craig. Hateful! Tyrannical!

Lady L. But why?

Craig. (*Proudly*) My name is Craig Campbell.

Lady L. Heavens! Campbell!

Craig. By marriage, I am his brother.

Lady L. Amazement!

Craig. 'Tis eighteen years since last I saw him.

Lady L. He is my uncle.

Craig. (*Pause*) And Seymour your brother?

Lady L. Yes. Nay more the lover of—

Craig. Whom?

Lady L. Be firm.

Craig. Speak!

Lady L. Paulina.

Craig. Thunder strike!

SCENE XII. *Enter NANNETTE: in great distress.*

Nan. Ah! Where is mit my *maitresse*; my Paulina? Vas she not be come back?

Craig. (*With terror*) Is she not within?

Nan. *Mon dieu*, no! I am fear—! Mr. Seymour—

Craig. How?

Nan. -I am see her run out; und I am run out too; und den she is gone; und den I am be here, und be dere, und be every where, mitout I find her.

Craig. A thousand horrors rush upon me!—If Seymour have seduced my Paulina; have—Oh!

[*Exit furiously.*

Lady L. Heavens! Mr. Campbell!

[*Exit.*
Nan.

Nan. *Ab ma pauvre maitresse!* Mine friend!
 Mine shile! Vat shall I vill do? [Exit.]

SCENE XIII. *Changes to the Drawing-room of*
Lady FANCOURT:

Her ladyship seated at a table.

Lady F. I cannot forget her! A form so interesting, a mind so capacious, courage so chastened, yet so unconquerable—! And must they marry? Has she no equal? Are riches, rank, and Lady Fancourt so poor a counterpoise? Marry? It must not, shall not—ought not to be. (*Noise without*)

Servant. (*Without*) You must not, madam!

Pau. I will! I will!

Lady F. Bless me!

Pau. Let me pass! I will see her! I will!

SCENE XIV. *Enter PAULINA: runs distractedly*
and throws herself at the feet of Lady FANCOURT.

Pau. Hear me, madam! I'll never quit this place till you have heard have granted my prayer.

Lady F. What does this mean?

Pau. Restore him to me! Restore him to me!

Lady F. Whom?

Pau. My all! My heaven on earth! He is mine!—I am a wretched distracted creature; once the happiest of women!

Lady F. Forbear!

Pau. You shall not go! He is mine! Saints and angels bear witness, he is mine! You have stolen him from me; deprived me of his heart; robbed me of the wealth of worlds!

Lady F. Are you frantic?

I

Pau.

Pau. Would I were! But soon I shall be. Give me my Seymour!

Lady F. I give?

Pau. To take my life were little. Oh, madam, you are noble; your ancestors no doubt were magnanimous; but is it noble, is it magnanimous, to rob a poor lunatic creature of the only treasure she has on earth?

Lady F. Be calm.

Pau. Calm! And lose my Seymour? Never! Never! Madness is all I have to hope!

Lady F. Rise, I say! Leave me!

Pau. I will not rise; I will not quit this spot! What are your rights? Do they equal oaths, registered in heaven? Are they as sacred?

SCENE XV. *Enter Lady LOUISA.*

Lady L. She is here! This must be her.

Lady F. Insufferable!—Relieve me, Lady Louisa, from this frantic woman!

Pau. (*Wildly to Lady Louisa*) Have you seen my Seymour?

Lady L. You seem alarmed?

Lady F. Never in my life was so assaulted; so overpowered! Pray look to her—Or call for aid—I cannot support it. [Exit.]

SCENE XVI. *Lady LOUISA, PAULINA.*

Pau. Do you know him? Hither I came to redemand my own! Here! Here they have robbed me of all that was most precious!

Lady L. My dear girl, pray sit down!

Pau. If you know him, I charge you, in the name of all that is holy, restore him to me!

Lady L.

Lady L. Be pacified; I promise you shall see him again.

Pau. Do you promise?

Lady L. I do.

Pau. I shall see him?

Lady L. Yes.

Pau. (*Half frantically*) Promise? Promise?—Promises are hourly broken! You are not man? You are not a promise-breaker?

Lady L. Quiet this agitation: you shall see him.

Pau. Then you are an angel, sent from heaven!

Lady L. Mr. Seymour promised you marriage?

Pau. Earth and heaven heard his oaths! I am sure he loves me! No; he cannot be perjured! Cruel parents only can oppose our blifs!

Lady L. What if the marriage should make him wretched?

Pau. Impossible! Impossible! Do I not know how I should cherish how I should adore him; how I should study day and night for his happiness?—He tells me he has a generous sister—Oh! Could I but see her; could I but speak to her!

Lady L. I am that sister.

Pau. (*Falling on her knees and clasping her hands*) Mercy!—Mercy!—Oh, have mercy on a poor distracted wretch.

SCENE XVII. *Enter CRAIG.*

Craig. Where is my child? Where is my Paulina?

Pau. (*Terrified sinks on a sofa*) My father's voice!

Craig. Have I found thee? Come! Come to thy wretched father!

Lady L. Be not too hasty, sir!

Craig. Detested be the arts that have seduced my child!

Lady L. Passion may increase cannot correct error. Mr. Seymour—

Craig. A father's malediction pursue him!

Pau. (*With sudden and excessive energy*) Hear not, oh mercy omnipotent, hear not a father's curse!

Lady L. If you love your daughter, be patient. Her passions are not in a state to be sported with. 'Tis growing late; I will convey her home; sleep will sooth and restore her.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Drawing-room of Lady FANCOURT.*

SEYMOUR and Lady LOUISA : meeting.

Seym. **I**S Lady Fancourt risen?

Lady L. Yes; and has enquired for you: appears much disturbed, and resolves again to visit Paulina.

Seym. For what purpose?

Lady L. I wish I knew. Her surprize was great, and I fear painful, when she heard of your relationship to Paulina. Dear girl! My heart yearns to her! You have seen her?

Seym. Yes, last night.

Lady L.

Lady L. And again pledged your fidelity?

Seym. Oh, with ten thousand new endearments!
Do you blame me?

Lady L. Blame? Noble-minded, much injured girl! Still I dread the unfeeling Sir Gregory.

Seym. And I. But there is the strangest accident—He yesterday sat for his picture to my uncle Campbell!

Lady L. What without knowing each other?

Seym. Yes: and is to sit again this morning—
But his motive!

Lady L. What?

Seym. I tremble to discover, yet am on the rack till I know. Be the consequences what they will, I am determined rather to relinquish life than Paulina. I wish therefore to avoid Lady Fancourt, till her mind is more calm.

Lady L. Away then. I will be ready, if any thing should happen.

Seym. I dread her, I dread my uncle, nay I dread Mr. Campbell. The prospect before us is terrific; but we must on—Be it as it will, you shall share my fortunes.

Lady L. Generous Charles! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Painting-room.*

Sir GREGORY sitting to CRAIG for his portrait.

Sir Greg. Then you think the men of former ages were guilty of as great vices as those of the present?

Craig. Keep your mouth shut—Greater: but they did not make a system of vice; they were hurried into it by their passions. Theirs were the crimes of men. There is a disgraceful a contemptible meanness in the vices, as well as the persons of
the

the present puny race; and neither their passions nor their bodies have sufficient prowess to make them commit acts, that can entitle them to respect.

Sir Greg. (*Rises with animation*) If they fight a duel, it is not in the heat of anger, and desire of revenge; but it is done with as much ceremony and civility as if they were going to walk a minuet, or sip a dish of tea: ay and as little danger, too; for, as they manage the matter, there is ten times more terror in a crabtree cudgel than in lead and steel.

Craig. Why as to the merit, or virtue, of fighting duels, either in the old mode or the new, I believe we had better not talk of that.

Sir Greg. The vestiges of ancient independence are wearing away. It makes my very heart ache to see the poor remains of towers, that once defied the fury of tyrants, and the war of elements, lye mouldering in ruins.

Craig. If we erect a building, now, it is in such a light, frippery, unsubstantial style, that a pistol bullet would demolish it. A castle of cobwebs, spun in July, and brushed away in November.

Sir Greg. Sir, you are a man of sense.

Craig. And, as to our commerce, we have poisoned the people with our teas, spices, and spirits. We send to China for pipkins, to Hudson's Bay for cat's skins, to Venice for window alias vice blinds, and to Leghorn for toothpicks and fiddlestrings: and, that the lower part of the community may not have the power to reproach and despise their leaders, vice, disease, and destruction are imported in ship loads, and parceled out in pennyworths.

Sir Greg. Sir, your conversation pleases me. Hem! When will your daughter be within?

Craig. Presently, presently.

Sir

Sir Greg. I should be glad to see if she be as handsome as you have painted her.

Craig. Painted! Where are the colours that can equal Paulina?

Sir Greg. Hay! Is her name Paulina?

Craig. Certainly. Why not?

Sir Greg. Hush! Did not I hear a noise?—Have you many visitors?

Craig. Very few. I have not been long in England.

Sir Greg. Where does that door go to?

Craig. My daughter's bedroom.

Sir Greg. I don't choose to be seen. If any body should come, I'll step in there.

Craig. Will you? You must ask my leave, first.

Sir Greg. I wish she would come! I am quite impatient to see her.

Craig. Indeed! He's a whimsical old fellow.

Sir Greg. (*Listening and suspecting*) Hay?—No—Nothing—If ever you should meet me in the street, take no notice of me.

Craig. Notice you! Sir, I notice no man who is unwilling to notice me. (*A loud rapping at the street door*)

Sir Greg. Oh, the devil!—Who's there?—Quick! Quick! My hat, and cloak!

Craig. Does he think I am his footman?

Sir Greg. I would not be seen for a thousand pounds! Can't you let me in there?

Craig. I tell you, no.

Sir Greg. Have you no back way?

Craig. Back!—What do you take us for; coiners, or courtiers? We dare daylight; and, though poor, look the world in the face.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter MUSCADEL.*

Musc. 'Sdeath, mister, what dark stairs you have!

Craig. If you had sent me notice of your coming, sir, I would have had them lighted.

Musc. Anon! What were you pleased to remark, mister? (*Seeing Sir Gregory, in his cloak and flouched hat*) What strange animal have we here?—I think I have somewhere seen such an apparition before! (*Walks round and surveys Sir Gregory*) I beg your pardon, mister! (*Sir Gregory feigns a violent cough, and pulls his hat closer over his eyes*)

Craig. Are you ill, sir?

Musc. (*Laying hold of him*) Ay, are you ill, sir? (*Sir Gregory twists himself angrily from Muscadel and continues coughing*)

Sir Greg. (*Aside, to Mr. Craig*) I'll wait below, in Mrs. Wilkins' parlour, till he is gone. [*Exit.*

Craig. As you please, sir,

SCENE IV. *CRAIG and MUSCADEL.*

Musc. (*Viewing the portrait*) So, so! My old friend, Sir Gregory!—Tolerably hit off, egad. (*To Craig*) Why, you seem to have a knack, mister—

Craig. (*Offended*) Sir! I am not used to such freedoms!

Musc. (*Aside*) Impertinent and tetchy! I'll play him off. (*Aloud*) I say, mister—What is your name?

Craig. My name, sir, is Craig.

Musc. (*Examining the picture*) A very common name, in Wales.

Craig. Scotland, you mean,

Musc.

Musc. I like your manner : you shall take me, mister—Jones.

Craig. (*Increasing anger*) My name is Craig.

Musc. You are right. But I will be taken in profile, mister—Jones.

Craig. Sir, I said Craig.

Musc. Yes, there was Jones of Flintshire, colonel of the Welch Fuzileers : very much of a gentleman, and ruined more farmer's daughters than any ten men in the regiment. I suppose you are his natural son, mister—Jones.

Craig. (*Enraged*) Sir !—I know nothing of Jones, Flintshire colonels, or Welch Fuzileers : my name is—

Musc. True. And so the colonel put you to a painter ? A slight premium, and a quick riddance. He managed his pleasures with economy.

Craig. Is he mad, or deaf ?—I am afraid, sir, I did not speak loud enough ! My name is Craig ! I never—

Musc. (*Stopping his ears and staring at him*) I know it, mister—Jones. The colonel told me the whole story. Your mother was the daughter of a Denbighshire drover, who dealt largely in potatoes, pigs, and poultry. A devilish handsome hussy ! The colonel was fond of her, brought her to town, and for a whole winter cut a high figure with her.

Craig. With my mother, sir ?

Musc. She was the belle of the day, mister—Jones. She had my approbation, and I had a *penchant* for her myself.

Craig. For my mother, sir ?

Musc. The colonel was never married, but I have known several of his natural children, and they were all geniuses. So you shall take my profile, mister—Jones.

Craig. I have a great mind to knock him down !

K

Musc.

Musc. Apropos. Have not you a smart kind of a daughter, mister—

Craig. (*Continued passion*) Jones. Yes.

Musc. Ha!—Tolerably handsome (*Turning his back*) and well grown, mister—

Craig. (*Turning back to back*) Jones. Yes.

Musc. (*Turning half round*) You have been bred to a pretty profession, mister—!

Craig. (*Turning to face him*) Jones. No.

Musc. (*Taking snuff and staring*) An't please you—?

Craig. I WAS BRED TO THE MOST USELESS, AND OFTEN THE MOST WORTHLESS, OF ALL PROFESSIONS; THAT OF A GENTLEMAN.*

Musc. Gadso, mister—!

Craig. I suspect you have been bred to the same. So you will get your profile taken by whom you please, except by me, mister—

Musc. (*Singing*) La, la, la, la, la. The drapery is tolerable.

SCENE V. *Enter PAULINA and NANNETTE.*

Craig. There's the door, sir.

Musc. La, la, la, la, la. The colouring not amiss.

Pau. You seem ruffled, sir?

Craig. Do you see that biped, Paulina?

Pau. Sir!

Craig. That thing pretends to have had an amour with my mother!

Musc. Ha, ha! (*Turning his glass to Paulina*) Upon my honour!

Craig. The most impenetrable coxcomb—!

* See Preface.

Musc. Infinitely beyond my expectations !

Craig. First baptizing and then bastardizing me !

Musc. She is really striking !

Craig. A fop !—I would toss him out of the window— ! There's another odd fellow below, who is waiting to see you.

Pau. Me, sir ?

Nan. (*Aside to Paulina*) *C'est lui.*

Musc. (*Aside*) What's this ? Some secret ? Seymour, I suppose.

Pau. Who is he, sir ?

Craig. I don't know.

Nan. (*Aside to Paulina, Muscadel listening*) *Mon dieu ! 'Tis dee Chevalier Oldvort ! C'est l'oncle !*

Musc. (*Aside*) Hay ! Oldwort ! Uncle !

Craig. He won't tell his name. I am afraid his conscience is none of the best, he is so fearful of being seen, or known.

Musc. (*Aside*) Yes, yes ; 'tis Sir Gregory ! The old fox !

Craig. I'll send him up to you. (*Turning to Muscadel*) Come, sir.

Musc. (*Eying the pictures*) La, la, la, la, la.

Pau. I will go to him, sir.

Craig. No, no—(*Louder*) Mister—Jones !

Musc. La, la, la, la, la.

Craig. (*very loud*) This way if you please, mister—Jones.

Musc. (*Aside*) The fellow is determined ; but I'll give him the slip. I'll know what's going on. La, la, la, la, la. Your very humble—mister—

Craig. Jones. [*Exeunt Craig and Muscadel.*]

SCENE VI. PAULINA, NANNETTE.

Pau. Why am I thus agitated ? Too much already I have been the creature of passion ; shaken by terror, actuated by self. Oh ! 'Tis unworthy ! Yet still and still my fears subdue my better reason !

Nan. I am vill be so happy ! *L'oncle* come and make a lose mit you, und you make a lose mit die *oncle*, *c'est tout naturel*, und den ! *Ab ! je suis extasié !*

Pau. My mother's persecutor and my father's bitter foe : should I so remember him ? That were unjust. What he is, not what he has been, is the true question. But there's the doubt ! Why does he seek me ? With what intent ? He knows not who I am ! Appearances are all suspicious ! Yet why this culpable propensity to condemn unheard ? 'Tis pernicious ! 'Tis hateful ! Why not hope the best ?

Nan. He come ! *Retirez vous un moment : vite, vite !* [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Enter MUSCADEL : peeping.*

Musc. So, so ! There they go ! I may chance to make some notable discoveries here. If they would but serve me with Lady Fancourt !—She has used me vilely ! But no matter—Time has produced strange things, and may again—This Sir Gregory ! The old poacher ! His portrait the pretence ! The rival of his nephew ! Yet as cynical supercilious and furly as if he were a faint. (*Listens*) He is coming (*Looking round*) Why, ay ; these pictures are most convenient hiding places. (*Muscadel goes behind pictures*)

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir GREGORY : with his cloak and hat on, first looking in, then advancing cautiously.*

Sir Greg. Hey dey ! Here is nobody here ! (*Tries Paulina's door*)

Musc. (*Aside*) Yes but there is.

Sir Greg. Locked fast. (*Returns to the entrance door and calls*) Miss !—Young lady !—I am afraid this

this painting room is too public. I am glad I escaped that fop Muscadel.

Musc. (Aside) Very well!

Sir Greg. He is a most vain, impertinent, prating coxcomb.

Musc. (Aside) Mighty well!

Sir Greg. With less understanding than an owl by daylight.

Musc. (Aside) Go on!

Sir Greg. More impudence than a cross-examining lawyer.

Musc. (Aside) That's a lie, however.

Sir Greg. And as many antics as a dancing dog.

Musc. (Aside) You shall pay for this!

Sir Greg. (Calling, yet afraid of being heard) Mrs. Wilkins!—I would not have been discovered by him for a kingdom!

Musc. (Aside) I'll tickle you!

Sir Greg. I hope I run no risk here. Malicious tongues are always busy; and a good character is like a gamester's money, very difficult to keep, and when lost still more difficult to regain—Miss! *(Calling)*—Here's somebody! *(Hurries on his cloak)*

SCENE IX. *Enter* PAULINA.

Pau. (Aside) Yet, not yet firm! Still in trepidation.

Sir Greg. 'Tis she!

Pau. My father told me—

Sir Greg. (Throwing off his cloak) She's an angel! An angel! *(Shuts the door)*

Pau. Bad, bad!

Sir Greg. Hem! Young lady—What carnation in her cheeks!—I have done myself the honour to
—That

—That is, Mrs. Wilkins—(*Continually turning to watch the entrance door*).

Pau. (*Aside*) My fears are too true!

Sir G. The finest eyes I ever beheld!

Musc. (*Peeping*) The old sinner!

Sir Greg. I have an ambition to be better acquainted with you.

Pau. (*Aside*) Fie! What looks! Alas, thus the little hope I had is flown.

Sir Greg. What passion in her features! What modesty! I love modesty.

Musc. (*Aside*) As a hawk does a dove, to be the death of it.

Sir Greg. You are a most sweet enchanting girl, and I hope you have a compassionate bosom.

Pau. (*Aside*) How tenfold ugly is vice coupled with age!

Sir Greg. I'm sure you have—Won't you speak to me?

Musc. (*Aside*) The carnal old coxer!

Pau. (*Aside*) My recollection fails me! How should I answer him? Ought hoary seduction like this to pass unreprieved?

Sir Greg. Don't be abashed. You can't think how kind I will be to you! (*Muscadel in moving throws down a picture*) What's that? (*Snatching up his cloak*)

Pau. Oh what an eternal tormentor is a guilty conscience!

Sir Greg. I see nothing!—Perhaps it was that picture? (*Putting down his cloak*) Ay! I will be so kind! I will dandle you, and fondle you, and fold you to my arms; ay, and wrap you in my very heart!

Musc. (*Aside*) Like a diamond in wool, egad.

Sir Greg. Do you think you could feel any partiality in favour of a middle aged gentleman, like me?

Pau:

Pau. (*Aside*) He is my uncle: What then? Can relationship change the eternal essence of virtue? What are persons? Guilt is ever guilt, and ever odious.

Sir Greg. What elegance of form!—If I could but have the happiness to win and wind myself into your affections (*Taking hold of her hand*)

Pau. Forbear!

Sir Greg. Madam!

Musc. (*Aside*) So, so!

Pau. What? You! At these years! You! The inflexible persecutor of venial errors; indulging destructive and hateful passions of your own, self-willed inexorable and cruel to the very virtues of others; sternly robing yourself in the tyrannous authority of custom, forgetting the beneficence of justice—

Sir Greg. Why?

Musc. (*Aside*) Heydey!

Pau. Were these, meanwhile, your secret practices? I came eagerly wishing to have called you by the endearing name of uncle!

Sir Greg. Madam!

Musc. (*Aside*) Uncle?

Pau. My heart beat high with the hope that age had increased your wisdom, that your affections were softened, and that you were become the friend of the unfortunate, the guide of the feeble, and the consolation of the fallen.

Sir Greg. Uncle?

Pau. No—Here all such claims end. Henceforth they are forgotten. Farewell. There is no relationship between us. [*Exit.*]

SCENE X. *Sir GREGORY, and MUSCADEL.*

Musc. (*Aside*) Very odd.

Sir Greg. I'm in amaze—'Tis unaccountable—
Relationship!

Relationship!—Uncle!—Sister! (*Muscadel purposely throws down the easel*) Mercy on me!—Let me begone. (*Puts on his cloak and hat*) Her discourse was very strange—It has petrified me! (*Going*) I wish I was safe at home!

Musc. Sir Gregory!

Sir Greg. Bless my soul!—What's that?

Musc. Sir Gregory!

Sir Greg. Am I bewitched? (*Sees Muscadel and begins to cough*)

Musc. Stop, stop, baronet! Coughing won't do: you can't escape this time. (*Running and seizing him*)

Sir Greg. I must beg, sir—!

Musc. Come, come, unmask!

Sir Greg. I insist, sir—!

Musc. Oh! What you won't know me?

SCENE XI. *Enter Mrs. WILKINS; in a fright.*

Mrs. W. Oh lord, Sir Gregory! What shall we do?

Sir Greg. What's the matter, woman? Is there an earthquake? I was half terrified to death before; would you kill me quite?

Mrs. W. Dear me! Here's Lady Fancourt again!

Sir Greg. What?

Musc. How?

Mrs. W. As true as I am a woman!

Sir Greg. Let me begone!

Mrs. W. Oh lord! You can't, Sir Gregory: she is speaking at the stairfoot with Miss Paulina, and they are coming up in a moment.

Sir Greg. What will become of me? Don't betray me, Mr. Muscadel! (*Extreme trepidation*) For heaven's sake, don't betray me!

Musc. Follow my example; hide behind these pictures. There's your own placed ready for the purpose.

Mrs. W. She is bringing Miss Paulina up here, to talk with her.

Musc. Ah, ha! I shall be glad to see how her ladyship's jealousy works (*Goes up to Sir Gregory*) Are you safe?

Sir Greg. (*Peeping*) Be true to me; don't discover me and I'll be your everlasting friend. I'll bring you into parliament: you shall sit for my vacant borough.

Musc. Close, close! (*Coming forward*) I know you, Mammon! You will tell a different tale tomorrow. I'm a coxcomb, am I? I'll punish you!

Mrs. W. This way, your ladyship!

SCENE XII. *Enter Lady FANCOURT followed by PAULINA.*

[*Exit Mrs. Wilkins.*]

Lady F. Can you gainsay it?

Pau. I have done you, madam, no intentional wrong.

Lady F. No wrong? Have you not convinced me, in my own despite, that riches, rank; and power are feeble arms, opposed to the energies of mind and virtue?

Musc. (*Behind*) How?

Lady F. I, who thought not meanly of myself, have you not proved you are my superiour: and is that no wrong?

Pau. Madam!

Lady F. Persecuted by fate, nurtured in distress, educated in obscurity, deprived of resources that had been lavished upon me, have you not displayed qualities, which, how can I hope to equal?

L

Pau.

Pau. Dear lady!

Lady F. Inestimable girl! You can make me only one amends—Think kindly of me and accept me for your admiring your dear your eternal friend!
(*Embrace*)

Musc. Upon my honour it is incredible, but here they are! (*Wiping his eyes and looking for the tears*)

Pau. From the first moment, my heart did you justice: it acknowledged your noble virtues—I will affect no inferiority of rank, for I feel none; but to call myself your equal in what alone is valuable—? I dare not!

Musc. (*Advancing*) Have you no hartshorn, Lady Fancourt?

Lady F. Mr. Muscadel!

Musc. Here I am. Like silence, I come when I am not called—I thought I had had enough of the dolefuls; but here do you come, as it were on purpose, to give me a double dose.

Lady F. Have you been very sorrowful?

Musc. As wretched, for these four and twenty hours, as a poet who has left off rhyming—As melancholy as a blind monkey.

Lady F. (*Not pleased*) Very pathetic, truly!

Musc. (*Changing his tone*) Lady Fancourt, shall I tell you a secret? The only resource I have had, against feelings the most acute and thoughts the most racking, has been levity that was but affected, and indifference that was all forced.

Lady F. Mr. Muscadel—I have not used you well (*Holding out her hand*)

Musc. (*Seizing and kissing it*) Raptures!

SCENE XIII. *Enter Lady LOUISA.*

Pau. (*Eagerly*) Dear madam, where is my father; where is my—cousin? Are they friends?

I

Lady L.

Lady L. You will rejoice to see how truly !

Lady F. But where is Sir Gregory ?

Musc. (*Aside*) Hay ?

Lady L. Charles has been home, but he is not there.

Musc. (*Aside*) I'm a lucky dog !

Lady L. By conversing with my brother, Mr. Campbell has discovered that he has been here.

Musc. (*Aside*) Yes ; and is here still.

Lady L. 'Tis well Mr. Campbell does not suspect on what errand !

Musc. (*Aside to Sir Gregory*) Hem !

Lady F. The licentiousness of his practice makes his severity doubly odious.

Musc. Take care what you say ; he will hear you.

Lady F. I wish he could !

Musc. Nay, he is in the room !

Lady F. Where ?

Musc. (*Pointing to the portrait*) There !

Lady F. Pshaw ! Come my sweet Paulina (*Going*)

Musc. Nay but you must not go till you have seen the pictures. I assure you, here are some very excellent originals, in the room ! (*Sir Gregory occasionally peeps and supplicates by signs*)

Lady F. Ay ?

Musc. You have never seen a finer exhibition.

Lady L. Indeed !

Musc. Or a more pleasant one.

Lady F. I see nothing extraordinary.

Musc. Oh but follow me and you shall see ! You know these, Lady Louisa ? (*Holding up the cloak and hat of Sir Gregory*)

Lady L. It seems like my uncle's cloak !

Musc. That's a trifle ! You shall see more presently. (*Removes a picture*) How do you like that ?

Lady F. It seems very good.

Musc. (*Removing another*) And that ?

Lady F. Indeed I am no judge.

Musc. (*Removing a third*) And that?

Lady F. Better than the last.

Musc. Ay but here! Here's the best of all!

(*Discovering Sir Gregory*)

Lady L. Ah!

Lady F. Ah!

Lady L. Heaven preserve me!

Lady F. Sir Gregory?

Musc. There's an exhibition for you! There's nature! There's life! There's expression!—Shall I have the borough, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. I hope you'll have a halter!

Lady F. Why, Sir Gregory, is this the way you fit for your portrait?

Musc. Ay! Is not the attitude striking? Graceful as a baboon on the back of a bear!

Lady F. This is very extraordinary! Pray tell us—

Musc. Sir Gregory has been at his needle work.

Sir Greg. I wish you had been at the devil!

Musc. I'm a fop, an owl, a dancing dog, hay, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. You are as great a cut-throat—!

Musc. As cold water in winter.

Lady F. And I hope as wholesome a one, too.

Lady L. (*To Lady Fancourt*) This is the moment for reconciliation! I will go down for my brother and uncle.

Lady F. A lucky thought! Do.

[*Exit Lady Louisa.*]

SCENE XIV. *Sir GREGORY, MUSCADEL, Lady FANCOURT, PAULINA.*

Sir Greg. Stay, niece; I'll go with you. (*Going*)

Lady F. No, no, Sir Gregory; we can't spare you. Mr. Muscadel!

Musc.

Musc. Ay, ay ; I'll guard the door.

Lady F. I find then, my dear Paulina, you have seen your uncle before ?

Musc. Yes ; the knight introduced himself :
“ and faith she read him a very pretty lecture :
“ though egad her style was a little mysterious, for
“ she seemed able to give the whole scandalous
“ chronicle of your private life—hay, Baronet ?

“ *Sir Greg.* Would she had given yours !

“ *Musc.* Oh I defy her and the whole world. I
“ am the carver of my own character, and cut it
“ up neatly and accurately myself, that Malice
“ may be out of countenance when she attempts to
“ hack it.”—Come ; shall I help you on with your
cloak ?

Sir Greg. Curse my cloak—(*Aside*) And you too !

Lady F. Sir Gregory has no more need of a cloak.

Musc. Egad that's true. Come, come, cheer up, knight : this is the luckiest day of your life ; for, now you have lost your character, you may stare the world in the face, and sin hereafter without caution.

Pau. (*To Muscadel*) Pardon me, sir, but I must intreat you to forbear. Who among us but errs ? To oppress the oppressed would be malice, not justice.

Musc. Do you hear ?

Sir Greg. Yes, I *do* hear !

Musc. And do you not blush a little ?

Sir Greg. Perhaps I do that too.

Pau. Let me, sir, intreat your forgiveness ; I am the cause of this : I behaved ill ; I left you indignantly instead of remonstrating with candour, and indulged resentment when I ought to have exerted

erted benevolence. But I am young and shall know better in time.

Sir Greg. You are a miracle! And I am ashamed of myself.

Musc. Belial I find has a spark of grace left.

Lady F. Incomparable Paulina!

Pau. Will you not forgive me, Sir?

Sir Greg. I cannot forgive myself, child.

Musc. For having been found out.

Sir Greg. Be as happy, not as you deserve, but as I can make you.

Pau. (*Kneels*) Oh, sir—!

Sir Greg. Rise, Paulina, rise.

SCENE XV. *Enter SEYMOUR, CRAIG CAMPBELL, and Lady LOUISA.*

Seym. My life! }
Pau. My Seymour! } *Running into each other's arms.*

Seym. My soul!

Pau. Art thou mine? Art thou mine?

Seym. Everlastingly!

Craig. (*To Sir Gregory*) Sir!

Lady F. Hush! No frowning.

Sir Greg. Recrimination is no cure. I must abjure my prejudices; do you suffer your resentments to sleep. Henceforth let us be friends.

Craig. Nay, if generosity, mutual friendship, and free *equal* intercourse be your purpose, Craig Campbell, though a painter and a hireling, will do you no shame.

Lady L. I then at last am the only outcast—Will you not pardon me, sir?

Sir Greg. Yes, yes; all is forgotten.

Musc. How kind your moody rulers are, when once their own rogueries are detected—(*To Lady Fancourt*) Must we not sympathize with the rest
and

and be as happy as we can? (*Tenderly*) Must we not?

✓ *Lady F.* (*Smiling*) Why would you, now you have been my confidant, would you dangle after me again?

Musc. Most willingly. Like the beasts after Orpheus—You have a museum of them, and I am the most admired monster in the collection.

Lady F. You are a pleasant animal.

Pau. Why this is true delight—Love, friendship, and benevolence, catching and spreading from mind to mind, from heart to heart; modeling the young, melting the old, and harmonizing all. May the principle and the practice become universal!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
JANUARY 1, 1900

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst. in relation to the matter of the proposed purchase of the land at the mouth of the river, and I am glad to hear that you are so interested in the project. I am sure that the project will be of great benefit to the community, and I am sure that you will be able to secure the necessary funds for the purchase of the land. I am sure that you will be able to secure the necessary funds for the purchase of the land. I am sure that you will be able to secure the necessary funds for the purchase of the land.

Very truly,
[Signature]

